



NOVEMBER... NO. 19

Captain

AERO

Comics



THE GAZING
"MISS VICTORY"
FIGHTING BEHIND
BY ANOTHER
TWO-ARMED
ADVENTURE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Captain

AERO



"KING OF THE CLOUD-BUSTERS"

YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE
TO WATER, BUT YOU
CAN'T MAKE HIM
DRINK...
YET, CAPTAIN AERO
KNOWS THAT EVEN
JAPS CAN BE MADE
TO BEHAVE, AND HE
PROVES IT WHEN
HE TANGLES WITH
"The Jerks of
Japan!"

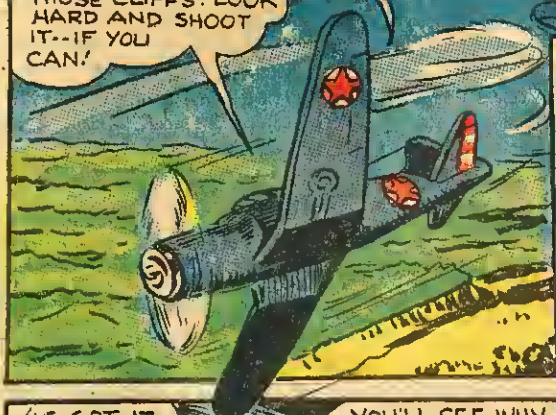
by CHAS. M.
QUINLAN



HIGH OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF HUNAN PROVINCE IN CHINA, A LONE AMERICAN OBSERVATION PLANE BANKS SUDDENLY AND HEADS BACK TOWARDS IT'S BASE!

WHAT'S UP JERRY? WHY THE SUDDEN RUSH FOR HOME?

BACK THERE BETWEEN THOSE CLIFFS! LOOK HARD AND SHOOT IT--IF YOU CAN!



O.K. I'M ALL SET TO SHOOT, BUT I DONT SEE ANYTHING!

WELL SHOOT THE TWO CLIFFS ANYHOW HURRY!



I'VE GOT IT JERRY, BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF I KNOW WHY YOU WANTED A SHOT OF THAT!

YOU'LL SEE WHY WHEN WE GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND DEVELOP THAT FILM!

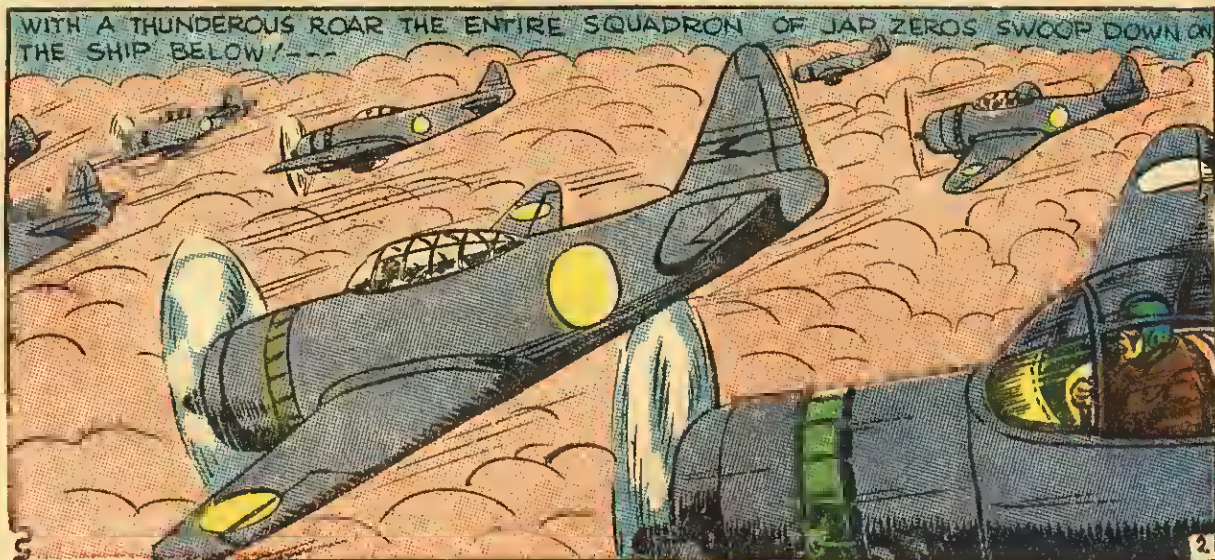


...BUT THE FILM IS NOT DESTINED TO REACH HEADQUARTERS JUST YET. FOR---

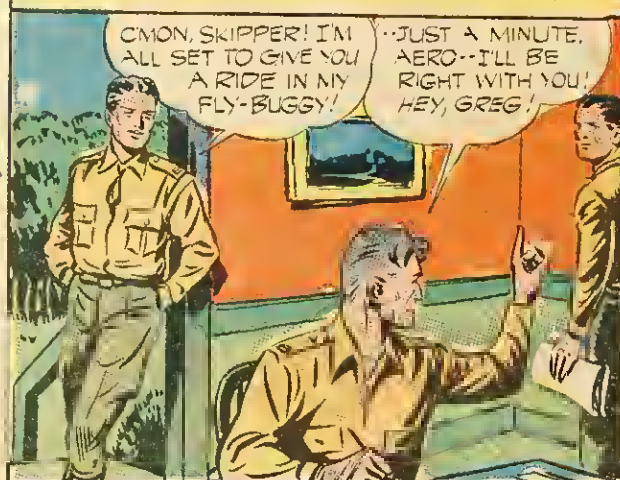
AMERICAN OBSERVATION PLANE DIRECTLY BELOW-- WE WILL GO DOWN NOW IN BLANKET ATTACK! HOLD FIRE! WE MUST FORCE IT TO LAND UNDAMAGED--- GO!



WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THE ENTIRE SQUADRON OF JAP ZEROS SWEEP DOWN ON THE SHIP BELOW!----

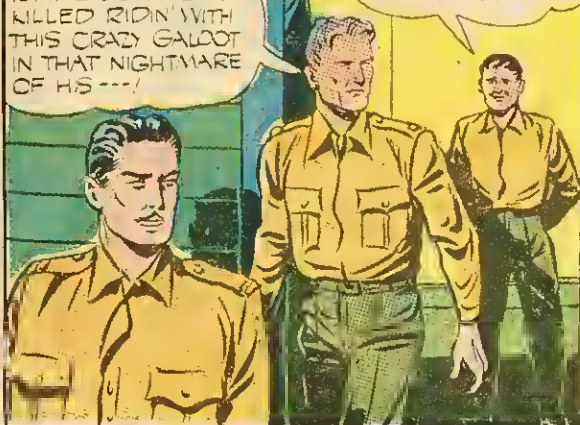


MEANWHILE, AT A FORMER FLYING TIGER BASE, ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE JAP ATTACK ON THE OBSERVATION PLANE--



FINISH UP THESE REPORTS, WILL YOU? I'LL SIGN THEM WHEN I GET BACK--THAT IS, IF I DONT GET KILLED RIDIN' WITH THIS CRAZY GALDUT IN THAT NIGHTMARE OF HIS ---!

DONT WORRY CHIEF! YOU'LL BE AS SAFE IN THAT SHIP AS YOU WOULD BE IN A MEAT-GRINDER! HA!HA!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

OKAY, SKIPPER--GET IN--DONT BE SCARED--!

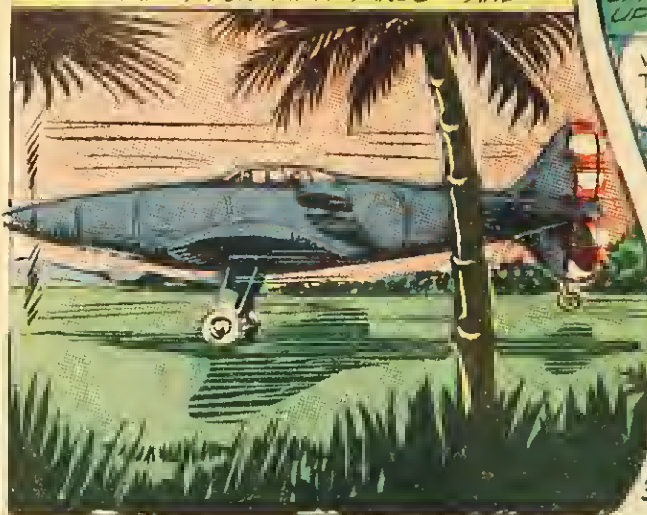
WHY, YOU LOPE-EARED DODO! I COULD PUT A MOTOR ON A WASHBOARD, AND FLY RINGS AROUND THIS CONTRAPTION!

I'LL BET YOU COULD AT THAT! ALL SET? BELT TIGHT? HERE WE GO!!!

A STEADY ROAR OF THE MOTOR, AND CAPTAIN AEROS GREAT MYSTERY SHIP SWINGS AROUND INTO THE WIND--!

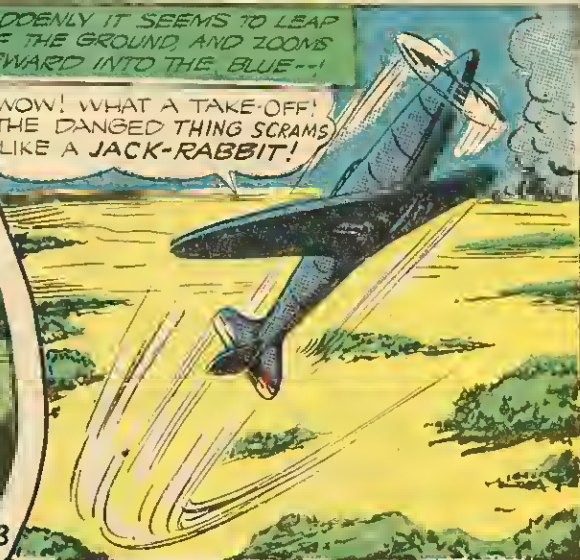


LIKE A FRIGHTENED BIRD, IT DARTS DOWN THE RUNAWAY FOR FIFTY YARDS --AND---

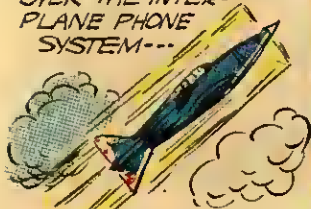


SUDDENLY IT SEEMS TO LEAP OFF THE GROUND, AND ZOOMS UPWARD INTO THE BLUE--!

WOW! WHAT A TAKE-OFF! THE DANGED THING SCRAMS LIKE A JACK-RABBIT!



THE TERRIFIC SPEED OF THE CLIMB, AND THE FORCE OF HABIT, COMPEL "SKIPPER BILL" TO GLANCE SHARPLY AT THE ALTIMETER--- A LOOK OF CONSTERNATION SPREADS OVER HIS USUALLY TACITURN FACE, AND HE SHOUTS FRANTICALLY TO AERO OVER THE INTER-PLANE PHONE SYSTEM---



**AERO! AERO! QUICK!!!
LOOK! THE ALTIMETER
IS GONE HAYWIRE---**



CALM DOWN, BILL! I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A GREAT SHIP! THE ALTIMETER IS O.K.! 45,000 FEET IS RIGHT! THAT'S WHERE WE ARE, AND OUR AIR SPEED IS 300 MILES PER HOUR!

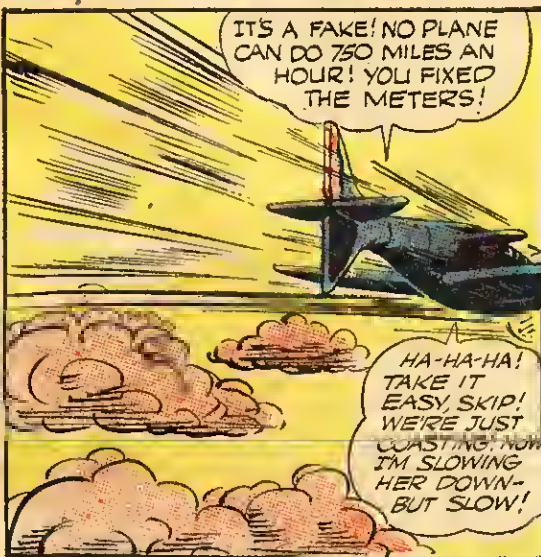


BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! 45,000 IS STRATOSPHERE, AND WE HAVEN'T GOT ON OUR OXYGEN MASKS---

WE DON'T NEED ANY IN THIS PLANE, OLD TIMER! SHE'S STRATO-CONDITIONED! NOW HANG ON--I'M GOING TO LET HER OUT!



IT'S A FAKE! NO PLANE CAN DO 750 MILES AN HOUR! YOU FIXED THE METERS!



HA-HA-HA! TAKE IT EASY, SKIP! WE'RE JUST COASTING! NOW I'M SLOWING HER DOWN--BUT SLOW!

WHAT TH--! HEY! THAT LITTLE WING IS TEARING LOOSE! NO IT AIN'T! IT'S SPINNING AROUND, AND SLOWING US UP---

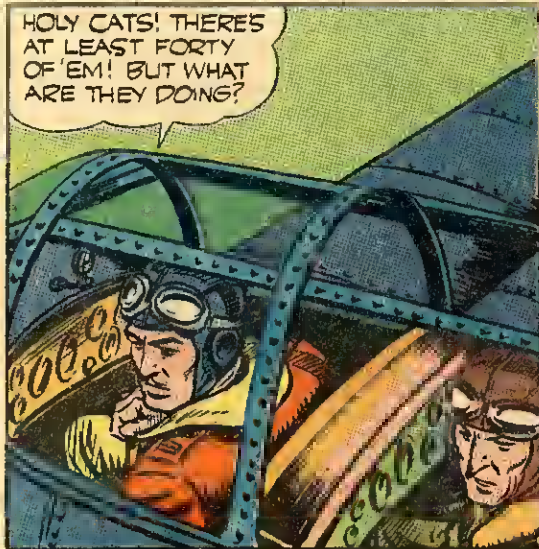


HOW'S THAT, YOU OLD DOUBTING THOMAS? FROM 750 MILES AN HOUR, TO 40--IN 10 SECONDS, FLAT!!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S A FAKE! IT CAN'T BE DONE! THE CHANGE OF SPEED IS TOO GREAT--IT WOULD TEAR OUR WINGS OFF! AERO! LOOK! LOOK BELOW! ZEROS! A LOT OF 'EM!

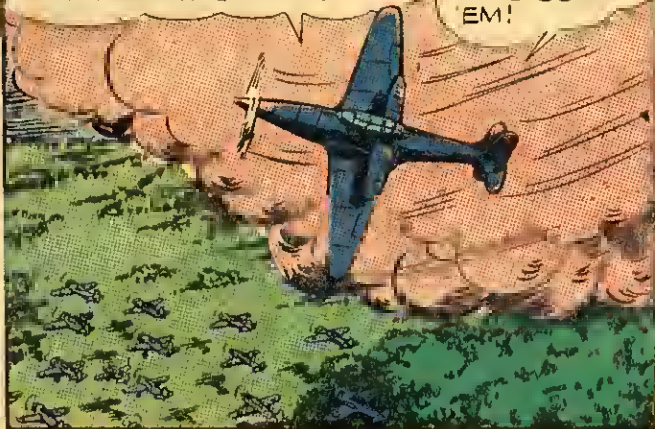
HOLY CATS! THERE'S AT LEAST FORTY OF 'EM! BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING?



THEN, THROUGH THE STRANGE FORMATION OF JAP SHIPS, AERO SEES THE REASON FOR THIS ODD MANEUVER--!

IT'S JERRY'S OBSERVATION SHIP! THEY'RE FORCING HIM DOWN!!

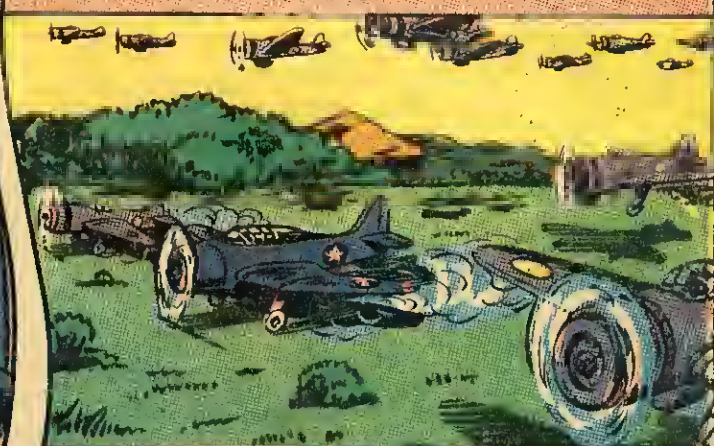
COME ON, THEN! LET'S GO GET 'EM!



HOLD IT BILL! WE CAN'T DO THAT! IF WE ATTACK, THEY'LL BLAST HIM TO PIECES! WAIT! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!!



--WHATEVER CAPTAIN AERO'S IDEA IS IT HAD BETTER WORK FAST, BECAUSE JERRY IS IN A TOUGH SPOT--
--ALREADY HIS WHEELS HAVE TOUCHED THE GROUND, AND THREE ZEROS ARE LANDING WITH HIM--



AS THE PLANES ROLL TO A STANDSTILL, TWO OF THE JAP PILOTS RUSH OUT, AND RUN TOWARDS THE HELPLESS YANK FLIERS--!

WELL, BUDDY, HERE THEY COME--THEY WON'T KILL US YET, OR THEY WOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO THE TROUBLE OF FORCING US DOWN--!



COME! GET OUT! QUICK!

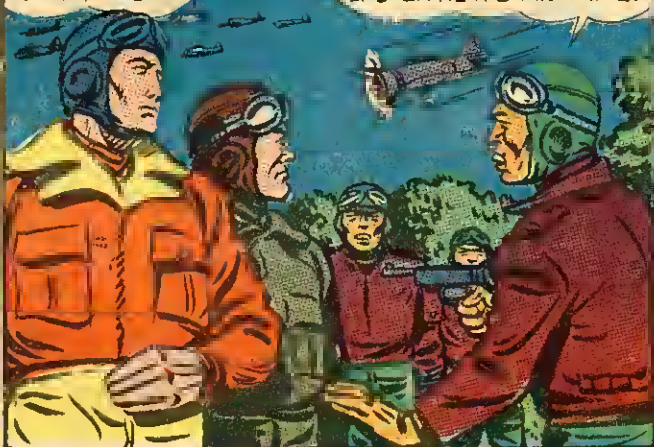
OKAY--OKAY! BUT LAY OFF THE ROUGH STUFF--OR ELSE---



OUR MEN HAVE CAPTURED THE STUPID AMERICANS! RESUME FORMATION, AND RETURN TO BASE! CAPT. YAKI, TAKE COMMAND---I AM GOING TO LAND AND PERSONALLY QUESTION THE PRISONERS---



OH-OH-- HERE COMES THE BIG SHOT! I'LL BET THE FIRE-WORKS START--NOW!



QUIET, DGS! HONORABLE COMMANDER PERMITS NO TALKING BY PRISONERS UNTIL HIS ARRIVAL!

LOOK JERRY, WE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO TALK--BUT, IF IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR US, LET'S GO OUT WITH SOME COMPANY ALONG---

SHUT UP! COMMANDER COMES--ATTENTION!

O-K!



--AT EASE GENTLEMEN! MY SYMPATHIES FOR YOUR UNFORTUNATE PREDICAMENT--BUT, WAR IS WAR, AND THE WEAK MUST ACCEPT DEFEAT GRACEFULLY--YOUR NAMES, PLEASE---



"JACKKNIFE" JERRY, AND "ONE PUNCH" MCGEE! --AND WE'LL KICK YOUR BUCK TEETH IN BEFORE WE TELL YOU ANYTHING!



OH--SO YOU WOULD BE DROLL, EH!-- HE-HE! I TOO, HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR-- THERE IS A JAPANESE GAG--TAKE THAT!!!

CORNY, CHUM! I DIDN'T GET IT!



--BUT, GET A LOAD OF THIS! IT'LL KILL YUH--- I HOPE!

YI-YI-YI! GET HIM!





AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF HURRIED MINISTRATIONS AND A COPIOUS DRINK OF SAKI---THE DISCOMFITED COMMANDER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, AND, IN AN ALMOST UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE GETS TO HIS FEET---!!!



GRINNING GLEEFULLY LIKE DEMONS, THE JAP PILOTS HASTILY PREPARE THE HAPLESS MAN FOR THE INHUMAN ORDEAL---



TIE HIM UP, AND WE WILL
GO ON WITH THE CERE-
MONY --!



I REGRET THE NECESSITY OF THIS
PROCEDURE, BUT, WHEN I START
PEELING YOUR FOOLHARDY COM-
PANION, THESE ROPES WILL SAVE
YOU FROM COMMITTING SUICIDE!



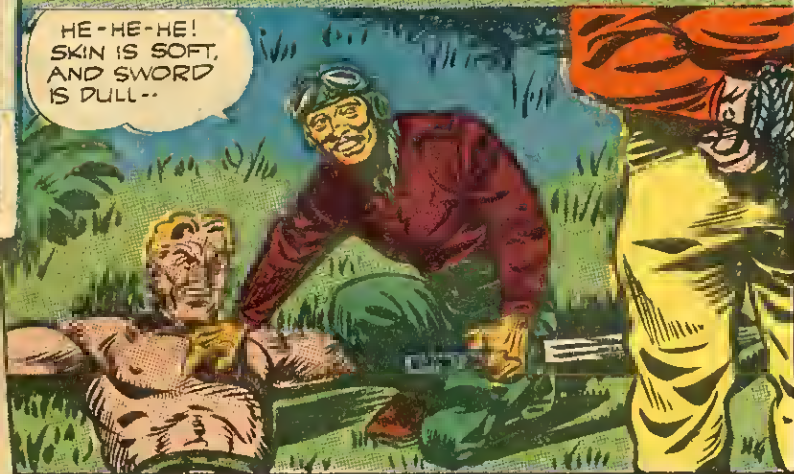
YOU MEAN, IT'LL
SAVE YOU
FROM COMMIT-
TING SUICIDE!

DONT CONTRADICT ME
DOG--TAKE THAT!
--AM WASTING TIME!
NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL
TELL ME WHAT I
WANT TO KNOW--!

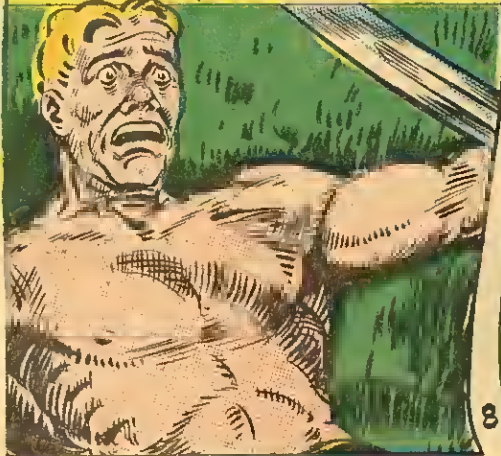


WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, THE JAP COMMANDER RUNS HIS
FINGER OVER THE SAMURAI SWORD--THEN, GRINNING EVILY, HE
BENDS DOWN AND FEELS THE SKIN OF THE VICTIM!

HE-HE-HE!
SKIN IS SOFT,
AND SWORD
IS DULL--

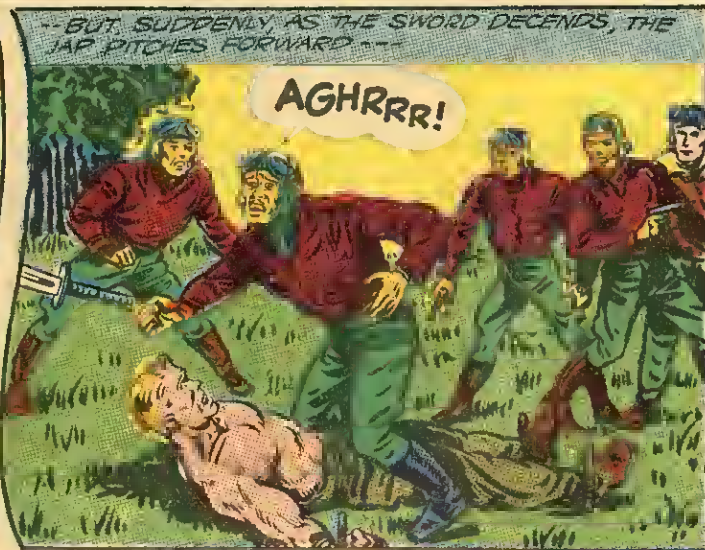


SLOWLY THE WICKED WEAPON APP-
ROACHES THE TREMBLING SKIN--THE
TERRIBLE ORDEAL IS ABOUT TO
BEGIN--!!



-- BUT, SUDDENLY, AS THE SWORD DESCENDS, THE
JAP PITCHES FORWARD --

AGHRRR!



FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, THE JAP PILOTS STAND SPELLBOUND. THEN, WITH ONE ACCORD THEY RUSH TO THE AID OF THEIR STRICKEN COMMANDER---



--AS THEY TURN THE LIMP FIGURE OVER, THEIR VIGILANT FACES BLANCH WITH SURPRISED FEAR.



FOR DIRECTLY IN THE CENTER OF THE COMMANDER'S FOREHEAD IS A NEATLY-DRILLED BULLET-HOLE--!



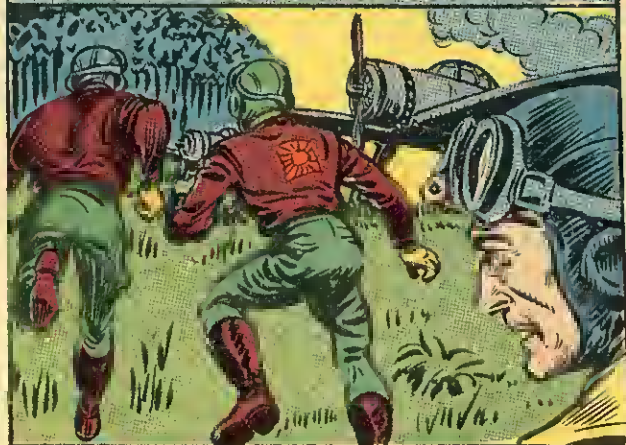
BUT, THEIR SURPRISE QUICKLY TURNS TO ANGER! --AND THEY PREPARE TO VENT THEIR WRATH ON THE HELPLESS CAPTIVES---



--BUT, AS THE FURIOUS JAP IS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER, HE TOO, SUDDENLY STIFFENS AND PITCHES HEADLONG ON HIS FACE---



THE TRICKLE OF BLOOD COMING FROM A HOLE BETWEEN HIS EYES IS TOO MUCH FOR THE TWO REMAINING PILOTS--WITH A WILD YELL THEY DASH FRANTICALLY FOR THEIR PLANES--!



LEAPING INTO THE COCKPITS, THEY GUN THE MOTORS--THEN, CAREEN WILDLY OVER THE ROUGH TERRAIN--AND TAKE OFF!--

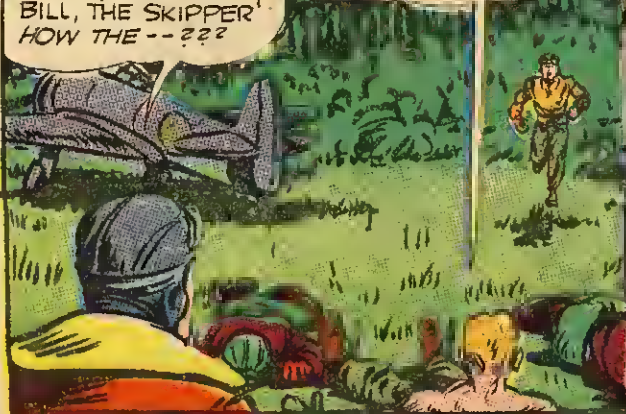
HOLY SMOKES! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? BOTH OF 'EM SHOT, AND I DIDN'T HEAR A SOUND!



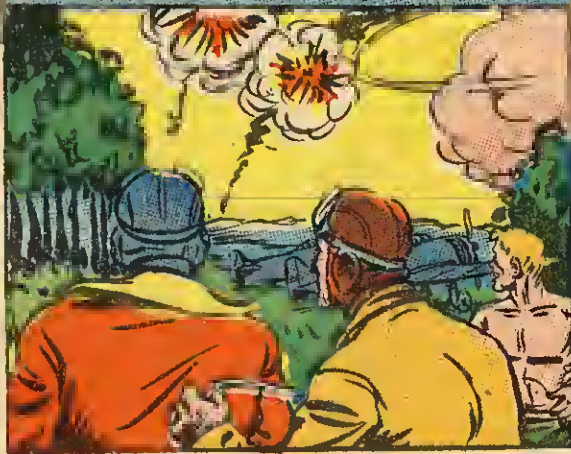
AS THE ZERO'S CLIMB INTO THE SKY, A FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE BRUSH NEARBY, AND RACES SWIFTLY TOWARD THE BOUND MEN ---

HEY! WHAT TH-! SOMEONE'S COMIN', MAC! IT'S BILL, THE SKIPPER! HOW THE -- ???

THE SKIPPER! NO-- IT CAN'T BE!



QUICKLY THE SKIPPER CUTS THE MEN FREE -- THEN ALL THREE TURN SUDDENLY AND GAZE SKYWARD IN SURPRISE -- TWO SHARP EXPLOSIONS ECHO FROM THE DIRECTION TAKEN BY THE FLEEING ZERO'S!



SKIPPER PLEASE! FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE-- GIVE US THE LOWDOWN--! HOW DID YOU GET HERE? WHO PLUGGED THESE GUYS? AND NOW THAT! C'MON SKIPPER, GIVE--BEFORE WE GO NUTS---!!



SORRY--BOYS! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT'LL WE GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS--! MAC, YOU FLY ONE OF THESE ZERO'S, AND I'LL PILOT THE OTHER, JERRY-- YOU LEAD THE WAY WITH THE OBSERVATION PLANE-- C'MON, LET'S GO---!



ONE HOUR LATER, BACK AT THE AMERICAN AIRBASE--

ALL RIGHT, BOYS--NOW THAT YOU'RE ABOUT READY TO BUST, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED--AERO TOOK ME UP FOR A RIDE IN THAT NIGHTMARE OF HIS--WE RAN ACROSS THE ZERO'S FORCING YOU DOWN THEN THE MAIN BUNCH PULLED OUT AND ---



- AERO CUTS HIS MOTOR AND DIVES FOR THE GROUND--800 MILES PER HOUR! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS, BUT HE PULLS UP SOMEHOW, HANGED IF I KNOW HOW, AND LANDS IN A CLEARING ABOUT THE SIZE OF YOUR HAT! THEN HE YANKS OUT A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE EQUIPPED WITH A SILENCER--! YOU KNOW THE REST---

OH, YEAH? HOW ABOUT THEM TWO ZERO'S BLOWIN UP?



WELL, WHEN THE JAPS SCRAMMED, HE LIT OUT AFTER 'EM--! HERE HE COMES NOW! HEY, AERO! WHAT DELAYED YOU --? WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

OH, I SPOTTED SOMETHING BETWEEN TWO CLIFFS THAT LOOKED LIKE A JAP AIR-FIELD--!



-- SO I DROPPED COUPLE OF EGGS ON IT-- SHE SURE MADE A BEAUTIFUL BOOM PICTURE--!



A THRILLING AND UNUSUAL SKY-HIGH ADVENTURE EVERY MONTH WITH CAPT. AERO -- IN *Captain Aero Comics!*

COUNTER SPY

STORY
&
ART
by
HERMAN
BROWNER

FEATURING
Jerry
Malone

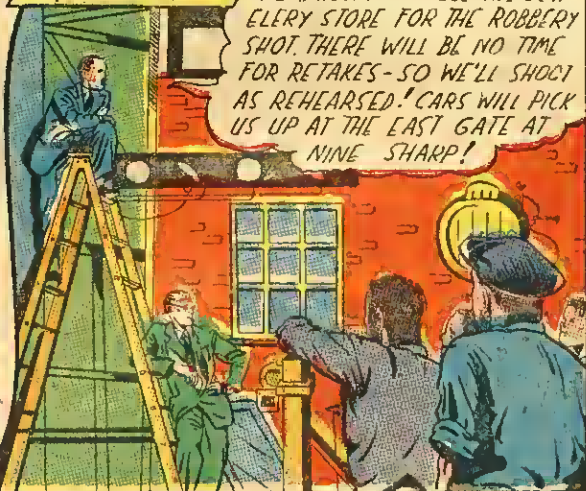
COUNTER-ESPIONAGE, A COMPARATIVELY NEW BRANCH OF OUR GOVERNMENT'S WAR ACTIVITY HAS - EXCEPT ON RARE OCCASIONS - SUCH AS THE CAPTURE OF EIGHT NAZI-SABOTEURS BROUGHT TO OUR SHORES BY GERMAN SUBMARINES - RECEIVED LITTLE PUBLICITY. NEVERTHELESS, MEN AND WOMEN OF HIGH COURAGE TOIL DAY AND NIGHT TO PROTECT OUR HOMEFRONT FROM SABOTAGE AND PREVENT VITAL INFORMATION FROM REACHING OUR ENEMIES. IT IS TO THESE HEROIC, BUT OF NECESSITY SILENT FIGHTERS, THAT THIS FEATURE IS DEDICATED

WARTIME RESTRICTIONS HAVE DRASTICALLY CURTAILED THE BUILDING OF EXPENSIVE SCENERY FOR THE PRODUCTION OF MOTION PICTURES REALIZING THE IMPORTANT ROLE THE "MOVIES" PLAY IN OUR WAR EFFORT, LOCAL AS WELL AS FEDERAL AUTHORITIES HAVE GENEROUSLY CO-OPERATED AND IN MANY INSTANCES GRANTED PERMISSION FOR THE USE OF ACTUAL PLANT, HARBOR, AIRPORT AND STREET FACILITIES AS "LOCATION-SITES" -----

HOW ABOUT KINGSFORD'S
OKAY, DANILLO?
I HAVE THAT, WE'RE ALL SET. GET THE BOYS TOGETHER!



A FEW HOURS LATER
AT STUDIO 7 -



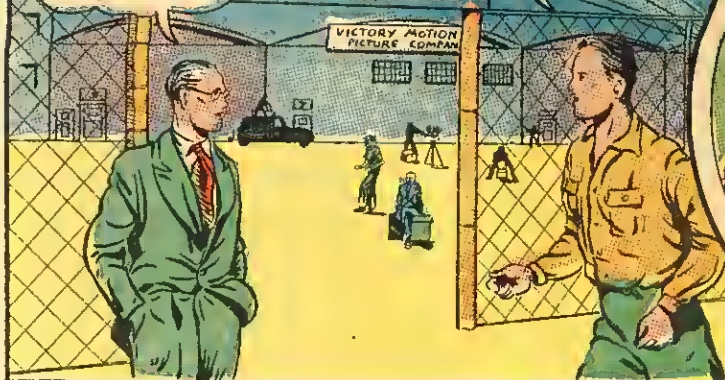
- WE HAVE MR KINGSFORD'S PERMISSION TO USE HIS JEWELRY STORE FOR THE ROBBERY SHOT. THERE WILL BE NO TIME FOR RETAKES - SO WE'LL SHOOT AS REHEARSED. CARS WILL PICK US UP AT THE EAST GATE AT NINE SHARP!

THE FOLLOWING DAY -

I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING BAXTER! SINCE YOU'VE MADE HIM A STAR HE IS HARD TO WORK WITH!

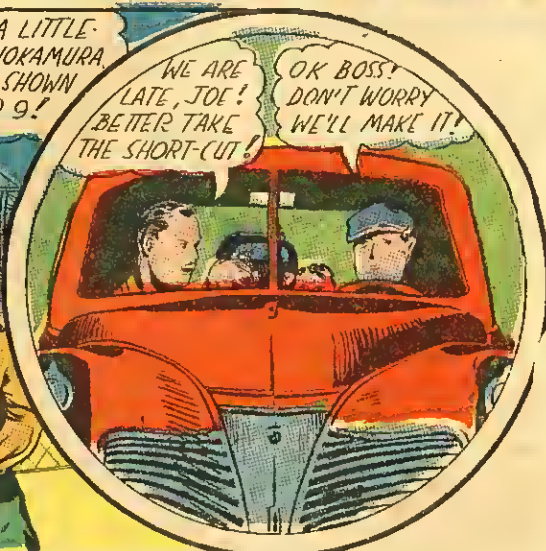
BAXTER IS A GOOD ACTOR - A LITTLE TEMPERAMENTAL AT TIMES. NOKAMURA MY ACE CAMERAMAN HASN'T SHOWN UP EITHER AND IT'S 10 AFTER 9!

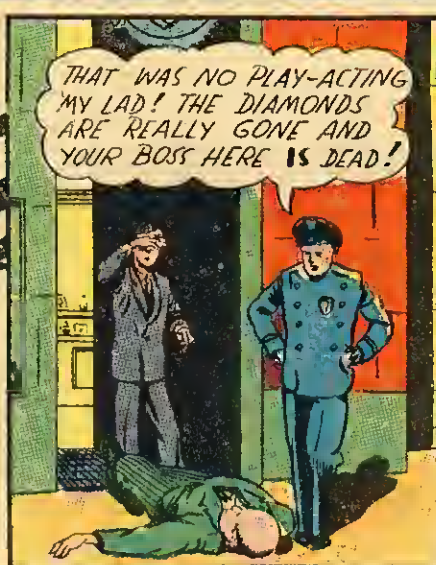
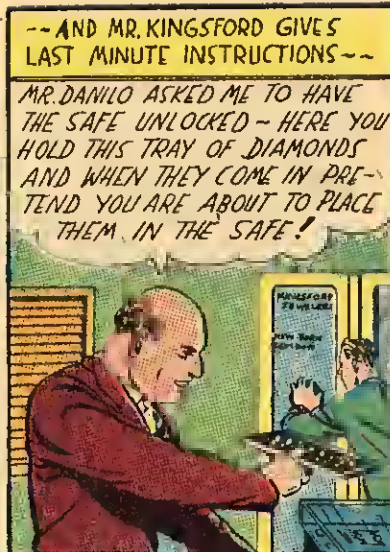
STUDIO EAST GATE

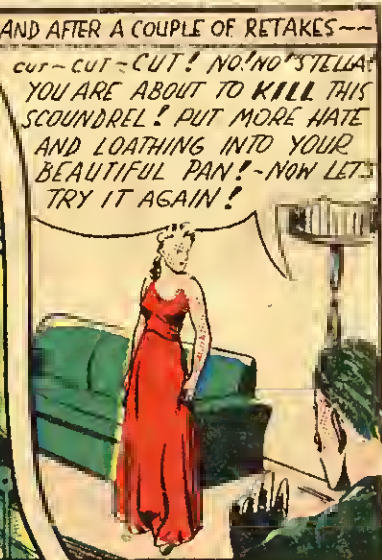
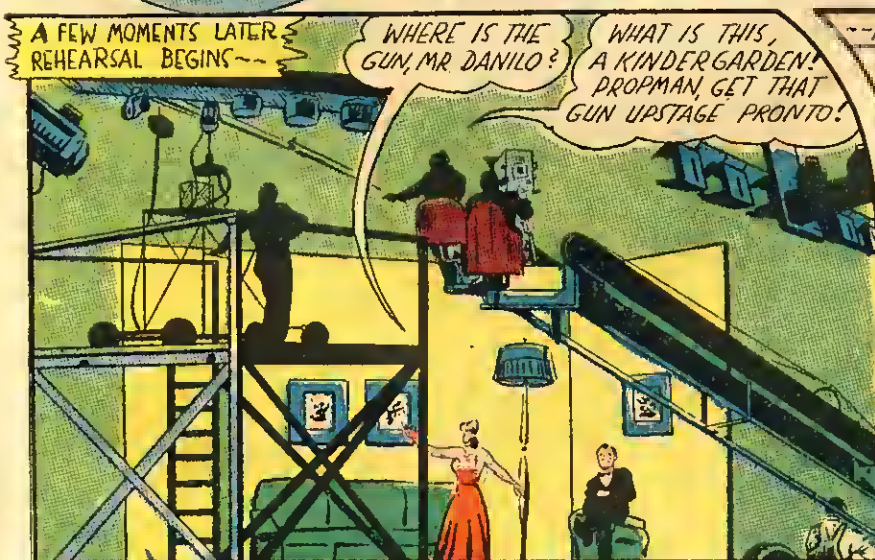
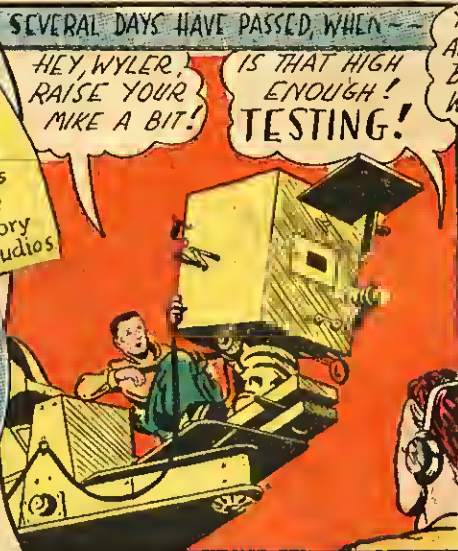
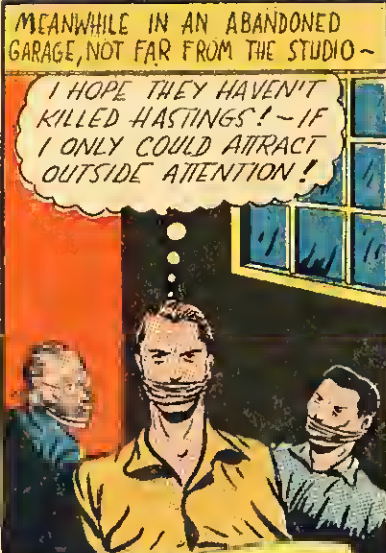


WE ARE LATE, JOE! BETTER TAKE THE SHORT-CUT!

OK BOSS! DON'T WORRY! WE'LL MAKE IT!







PUT YOUR TOY
AWAY, VIVIAN!

NOT BEFORE
I SETTLE MY
SCORE WITH
YOU-TAKE THAT!



EXCELLENT! YOU
CAN GET UP NOW, BAXTER



GOOD GOSH!
BAXTER HAS
PLAYED HIS
LAST ROLE,
DANILO! ANOTHER
CASE OF THEY DID
NOT KNOW IT WAS
LOADED!

GOOD GOSH!
BAXTER HAS
PLAYED HIS
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DANILO! ANOTHER
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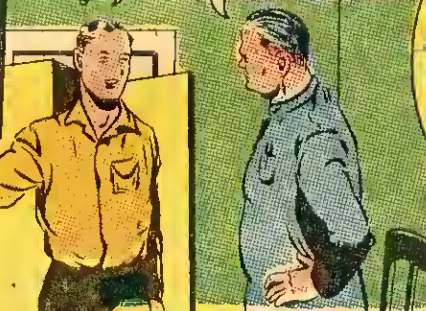


Report #10 page 3
Baxter died without regaining
consciousness. Police are inves-
tigating, but believe shooting to
be accidental as stagehands used
weapon in target practice and
bullet may have been left in gun
through oversight. Only final
scenes of Danilo's illfated epic
remain to be shot, in none of
which Baxter appears. Location site
Global aircraft plant. Hastings
recovering slowly, but of little
help. Seems to have lost his mind.

AT THE MEDICAL CENTER --

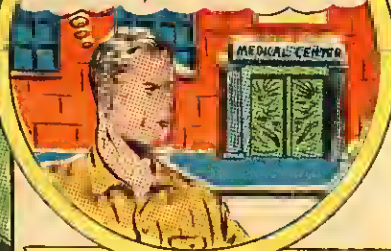
WHEN DO YOU
THINK HASTINGS
WILL BE WELL
ENOUGH TO
TALK, DOCTOR?

HARD TO SAY,
MR. WYLER. IT
MAYBE WEEKS BE-
FORE HE CAN RE-
COGNIZE EVEN THE
SIMPLEST OBJECTS!



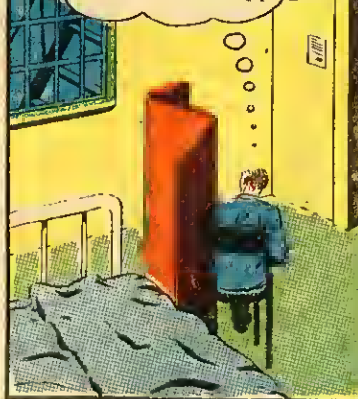
DISAPPOINTED, JERRY MALONE
LEAVES THE HOSPITAL --

I'M GETTING NO-
WHERE FAST! IF HASTINGS
COULD SPEAK THINGS WOULD
POP! WELL, HASTINGS WILL TALK!



THE SAME NIGHT AT THE HOSPITAL --

HASTINGS MUST HAVE KNOWN
HIS ASSAILANT WHO, AFTER
SLUGGING HIM, LEFT HIM FOR
DEAD -- IF MY IDEA THAT
THIS IS AN INSIDE JOB IS
CORRECT, WE WILL SOON
HAVE A VISITOR!

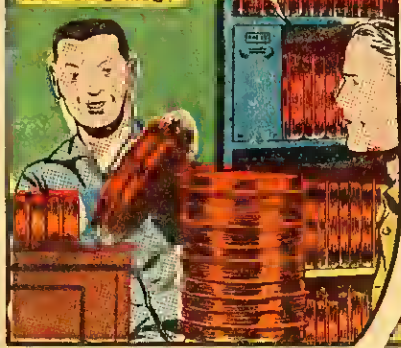


-- AND RETURNS TO THE STUDIO --

HELLO, WYLER!
HOW IS
HASTINGS?

THANKS, MUCH
BETTER! THE
DOC SAYS HE'LL
BE ABLE TO
TALK TOMORROW!

NO SMOKING!



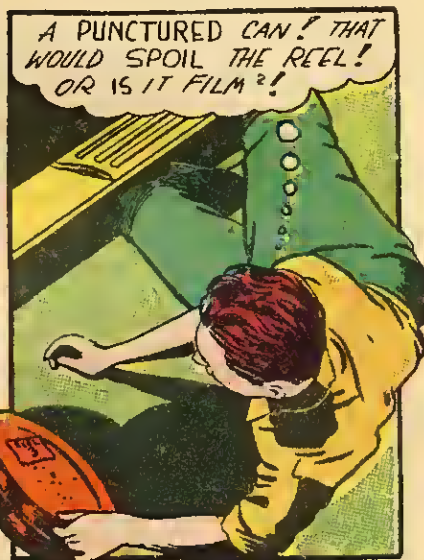
I HEARD YOU SAY HASTINGS IS
IMPROVING, WYLER! -- I'M GLAD,
HE IS A GOOD MAN!

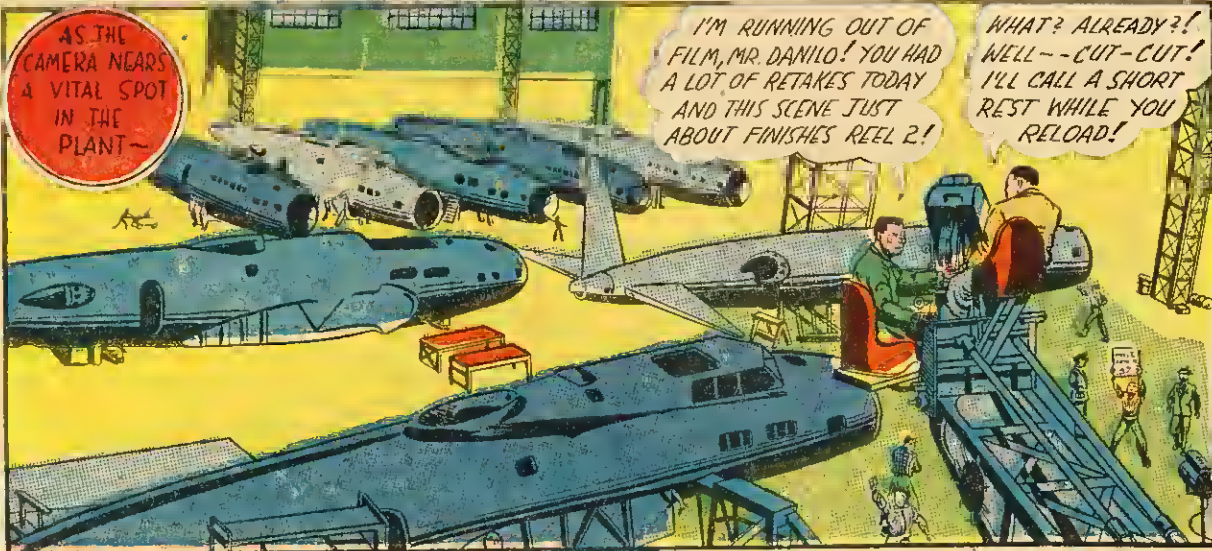




Report #21

the arrest of 'Dagger-Joe' definitely establishes the correctness of my theory. Although the prisoner refuses to talk, a police check-up identifies him as Tony Mario's triggerman

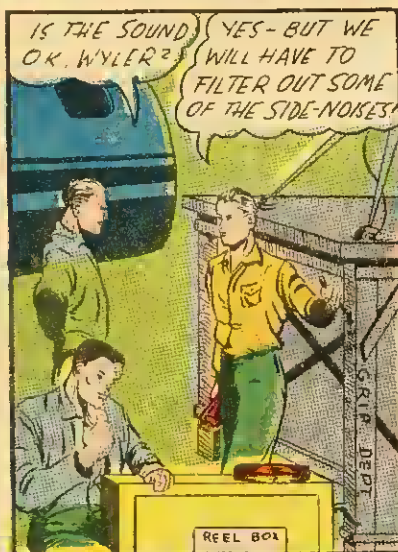




AS THE CAMERA NEARS A VITAL SPOT IN THE PLANT--

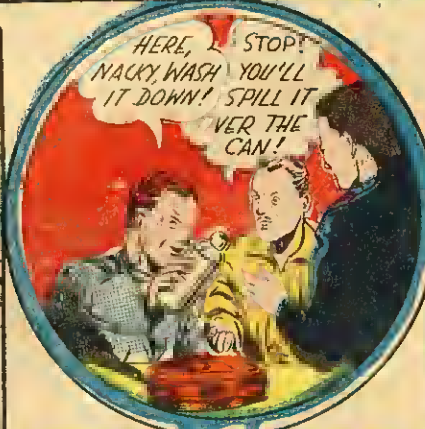
I'M RUNNING OUT OF FILM, MR. DANILO! YOU HAD A LOT OF RETAKES TODAY AND THIS SCENE JUST ABOUT FINISHES REEL 2!

WHAT? ALREADY?! WELL--CUT-CUT! I'LL CALL A SHORT REST WHILE YOU RELOAD!

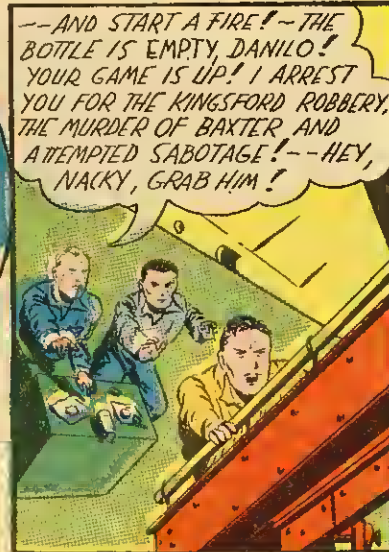


IS THE SOUND OK, WYLER?

YES--BUT WE WILL HAVE TO FILTER OUT SOME OF THE SIDE-NOISES!



HERE, STOP! NACKY, WASH YOUR FACE! IT'S HOT! SPILL IT DOWN! VER THE CAN!

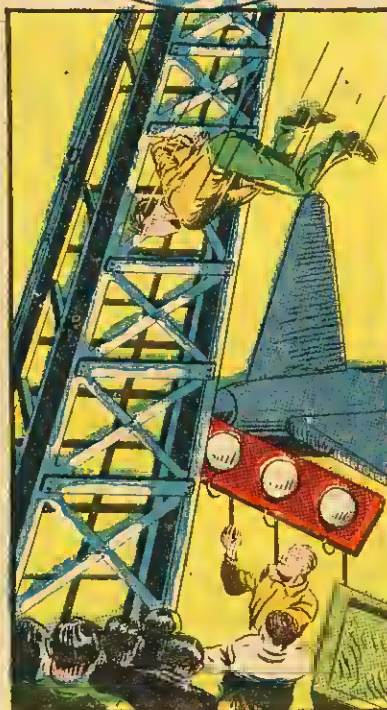


--AND START A FIRE!--THE BOTTLE IS EMPTY, DANILO! YOUR GAME IS UP! I ARREST YOU FOR THE KINGSFORD ROBBERY, THE MURDER OF BAXTER AND ATTEMPTED SABOTAGE!--HEY, NACKY, GRAB HIM!



HIS ESCAPE CUT OFF, DANILO CLIMBS THE BOOM

YOU WON'T GET ME!



Final report #31 page 2
--Kurt Schweizer, better known as Affieri Danilo, died of a broken neck. Schweizer was a clever nazi-spy and saboteur. To obtain the industrial diamonds and avert suspicion he hired Tony Mario, staged the hold-up of his own party and had Mario do the actual jewel robbery.--Hastings recognized Mario, who attempted to kill him. However, Baxter too remembered having seen Danilo and Mario together. Baxter tried to use his knowledge to blackmail Danilo, only to pay with his life for his audacity. It was Danilo who put the bullet in Stella's gun. The rest was child's play. He simply ordered enough retakes until the fatal bullet was fired. Mario and his gang were rounded up and the loot recovered.-- J.M.

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE SOON!

YELLOW-BELLY!

The party was almost over. Bill Stires, chairman of the shop Victory Committee was handing the shockproof and waterproof watch over to Joe Harris. "Now go out and give 'em hell," he was saying. "Your friends at the Stanley Cigar Box Manufacturing Department are counting on you. We're proud of you Joe." We hate to see you go but in a way we envy you your opportunity to show those gangsters they can't go pushing people around and get away with it. And to make sure you have a good time wherever you happen to go, we've all chipped in and bought you this watch, guaranteed not to lose a second for the duration."

Seventy-two members of the company staff laughed at the sally. This was the eighth time they had laughed at it, for Joe was number eight to be called from the shop.

"We hope that victory comes soon and that you'll return to your job as strong of limb as you are today," Bill went on. A visible shudder went through Joe.

"And stronger of heart," murmured Sally Flash of the label-pasting department to the girl beside her. "I always knew he was yellow. Just look at him shake, will you."

And indeed Joe's hand was unsteady as he took the watch. His face was devoid of color.

"Maybe he's just nervous about the party," suggested the girl. "After all—"

"Party, nothing," said Sally. "He's been looking like that since the day he got the 'Greetings' paper. He's scared stiff, that's what he is."

Warren Olsen, standing nearby, joined the conversation. "Scared stiff is the word," he agreed. "I know. I work at the next machine to him. Why, the guy's been talkin' to himself for a week. None of the other fellows acted that way before they left."

"And now we'll have a few words from the departing guest of honor," Bill concluded formally. He hopped off the iron stool on which he had been standing and Joe clumsily took his place.

"What'd I tell you?" said Sally. "he's almost too nervous to stand up. What a washout he turned out to be."

"Sure," Warren added. "The guys are all wise to him. He's just a yellow belly."

Joe heard the ugly words. With a mumbled "Thanks, everybody," he ran from the room. "Yellow belly," he muttered.

When he got home he went right to his room. His mother's eyes followed him, but she said not a word. After a while she knocked at his door. There was no reply. A tear rolled down her cheek and she went back to her sewing. "Poor Joe," she sighed. "He takes it so hard. I wish he were a little different. After all—"

The next morning, before he left, Joe hugged his mother to him. "I'm sorry about last night, Mom," he said. "I guess I'll just have to get used to the idea."

At the induction center Joe went through a thorough physical examination. "Why are you so nervous?" asked the doctor. "I'm not going to operate. You're not scared, are you—a big chunk of American soldier like you "

"You mean I'm—" Joe cut his own question short. "Where's a telephone?" he demanded. "I've got to get to a telephone!"

He ran out of the examining room into the waiting room. There was a coin box telephone on the wall. "Gimme a nickel, somebody!" he yelled. Half a dozen nickels were offered to him by as many astonished and laughing inductees.

"Hey! You can't do that!" shouted the doctor, who had followed him. "You're in the Army now!"

Joe finished dialing. "What did you say?" he asked, turning to the doctor.

"Hello," came his mother's voice.

"I said you're in the Army now," bellowed the doctor.

"Mom! Do you hear that? I'm in the Army. They took me! I don't have to go back to work and face that gang at the shop again. I can keep the watch. Boy, am I glad I didn't have the nerve to tell the fellows about the ulcers I thought I had. Mom! Hey, Mom! What's the idea! First you cry because you think I can't get into the Army and now you're crying because I'm in."

He turned happily to the doctor. "Ain't women funny?" he said.

He went back to the examining room and started to dress. "Say, Doc," he asked. "why do I always get pains in my stomach?"

The doctor motioned to the next inductee to come forward. "Oh, I guess it's because you've got a couple of stomach ulcers, young fellow," he replied. "Nothing serious, though. Army life'll fix 'em up in no time."

Captain Aero Comics presents....

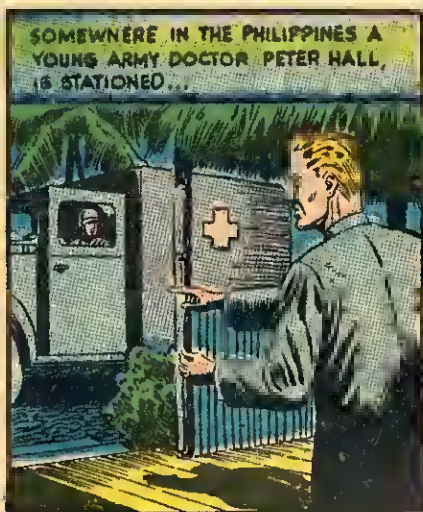
"The RED CROSS"

The Red Cross solves The enigma of "THOSE WHO NEVER CAME BACK"

Drawn By *JACK ALDERMAN*

Story By *SYLVAN H. STEIN*

THE MIGHTY RED CROSS... BORN OF EVERLASTING STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM, IS THE FIGHTING SYMBOL OF DOOM TO ALL THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY THE FOUNDATIONS OF HUMANITY. FOLLOW HIS BLAZING TRAIL AS HE CROSSES SWORDS WITH THE MEAN AND VENOMOUS JAPS....



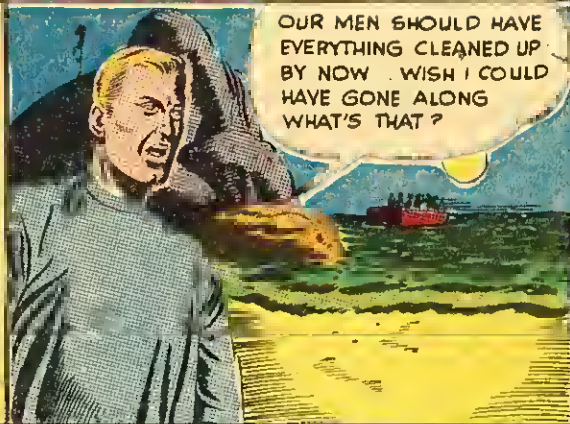
LATE THAT NIGHT AN IMPORTANT THING HAPPENS

NOW REMEMBER MEN
NO NOISE AT ANYTIME!



THREE
HOURS
LATER...

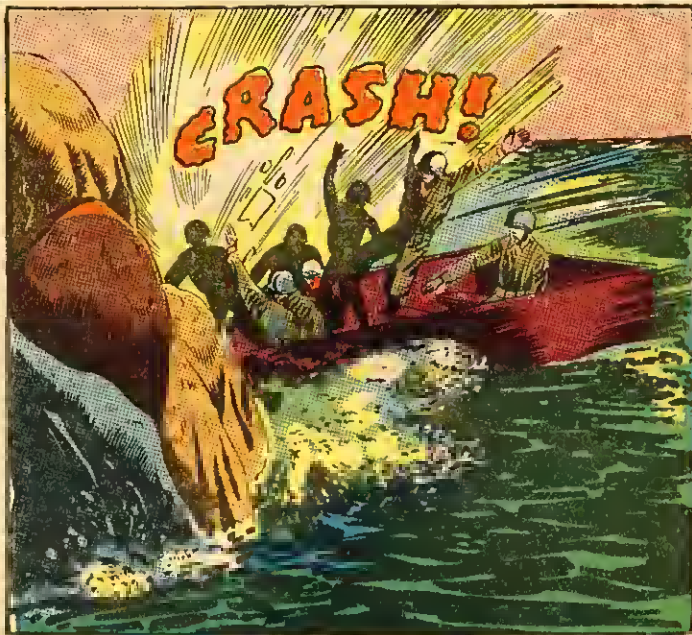
OUR MEN SHOULD HAVE
EVERYTHING CLEANED UP
BY NOW. WISH I COULD
HAVE GONE ALONG
WHAT'S THAT?



THAT MUST BE
SOME OF THE MEN
COMING BACK WITH
GOOD NEWS. H-HE'S
HEADING FOR THOSE
ROCKS! HEY!
LOOK OUT!



CRASH!



MY LEG! OH! MY
LEG!!!

HERE, YOU
MEN! GET HIM
BACK TO THE
MEDICAL TENT!
QUICK!



HOLD ON TIGHT,
SOLDIER! THIS LEG
WILL BE SET IN A
MINUTE. WHERE
ARE ALL THE MEN?
HAVE THEY TAKEN
THE ISLAND YET?

THEY'RE
ALL DEAD.
I'M THE
ONLY SUR-
VIVOR.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH
JAPS ON THAT ISLAND TO
KILL ONE OF OUR MEN!
HERE... I'M GIVING YOU
SOMETHING TO
KILL THE PAIN!



I KNOW. THE JAPS DIDN'T KILL US. OUR MEN KILLED THEMSELVES.

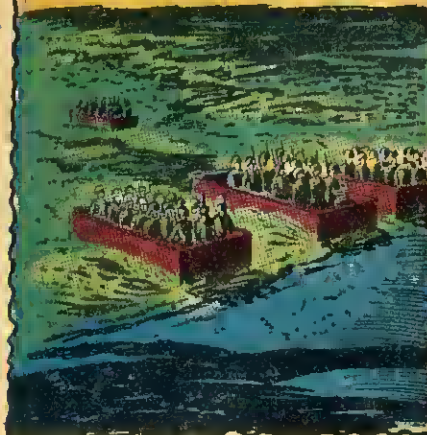


THEY WHAT?



YES IT'S TRUE. IT WAS HORRIBLE. AS YOU KNOW, WE STARTED OUT IN FIVE LANDING BARGES.

"I WAS IN THE LAST BARGE TO REACH THE BEACH-HEAD. WE HAD FALLEN BEHIND A BIT ON THE TRIP..."



TO OUR SURPRISE THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE. THE JAPS WERE EITHER SLEEPING, OR THEY HAD LEFT CORON COMPLETELY.



... WE WALKED ALONG TOWARD THEIR CAMP, WHICH LOOKED DESERTED, BUT WE WEREN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES. SUDDENLY I STUMBLED INTO A SMALL HOLE IN THE GROUND....



AND FROM THE INTENSE PAIN, I REALIZED MY LEG WAS BROKEN. I DIDN'T DARE CRY OUT FOR HELP, SO I JUST LAY THERE, WHILE THE REST OF THE MEN WENT ON AHEAD...



AS I LAY THERE WATCHING, I SAW SOMETHING THAT MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD! AT FIRST I THOUGHT I WAS DELIRIOUS FROM PAIN, BUT I SOON REALIZED THAT THE GRUESOME SIGHT BEFORE ME WAS TRUE.



THE FACES OF THE MEN BECAME FROZEN WITH FEAR AND TERROR. THEY RACED ABOUT MADLY, CLAWING THE AIR WITH RIGID HANDS, AS THOUGH BEATING OFF SOME UNSEEN ENEMY.



... THEN IT HAPPENED... AN AGONIZING PAIN OF THE THROAT FELL UPON THE MEN, CAUSING THEM INSTANT DEATH...



ONE BY ONE THE MEN WENT MAD WITH PAIN



THEN THE JAPS, WHO HAD BEEN WAITING SILENTLY, RUSHED OUT FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES, AND FINISHED OFF WHAT WAS LEFT OF OUR OUTFIT.



MY BODY GROANING WITH PAIN, I MANAGED TO GET MY LEG OUT OF THE HOLE, BY DIGGING MY HANDS INTO THE GROUND. I DRAGGED MYSELF TO THE SHORE.



THEN A JAP SAW ME AND STARTED SHOOTING. MIRACULOUSLY, I WAS ABLE TO CLIMB ABOARD ONE OF THE LAUNCHES, START THE MOTOR, AND HEAD HERE.



THEN I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT THAT IS ALL I REMEMBER, UNTIL YOU BROUGHT ME TO.

WHY... THOSE DIRTY... WAIT'LL I TELL THE CO ABOUT THIS!



PETER HALL TELLS THE CO THE STORY OF THOSE WHO NEVER CAME BACK.

AND I THINK WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE IT NOW, SIR, BEFORE WE MAKE FURTHER ATTEMPTS!

YOU'RE RIGHT WE MUST. IF IT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL WE GET REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE MAINLAND.



WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH
MEN LEFT TO INVADE CORON,
AND WITH THAT SECRET WEAP-
ON THE JAPS ARE USING,
WE'LL BE SURE TO LOSE!

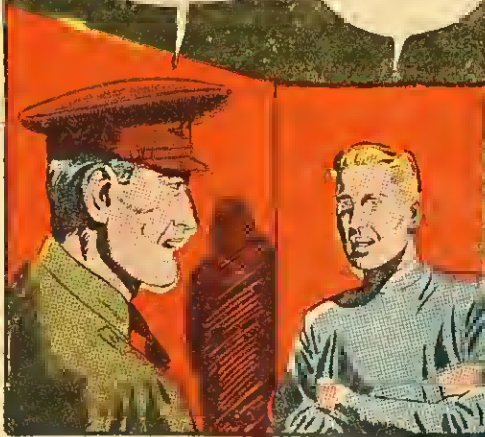
YOU'RE
RIGHT,
SIR. BUT
IF THEY AT-
TACK US WE
ARE SUNK!

AS PETER HALL LEAVES
THE CO HE THINKS THE
MATTER OVER...

ANOTHER DAY AND IT WILL
BE TOO LATE! HERE'S WHERE
RED CROSS DELIVERS A DOSE
OF DEATH IN PERSON TO
THOSE DIRTY JAPS!

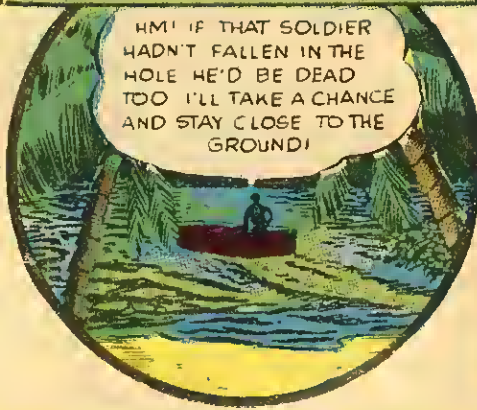
LATER THAT NIGHT...

NOW TO HEAD FOR
CORON BEFORE I'M
SEEN!

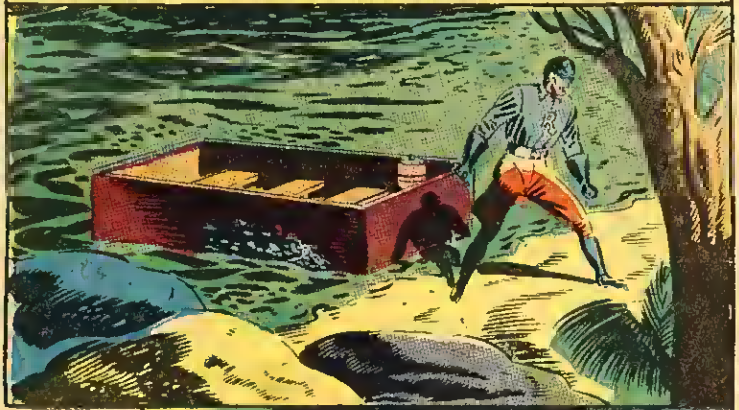


THE RED CROSS RACES THE BOAT TO
WARD CORON.

HM! IF THAT SOLDIER
HADN'T FALLEN IN THE
HOLE HE'D BE DEAD
TOO! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE
AND STAY CLOSE TO THE
GROUND!



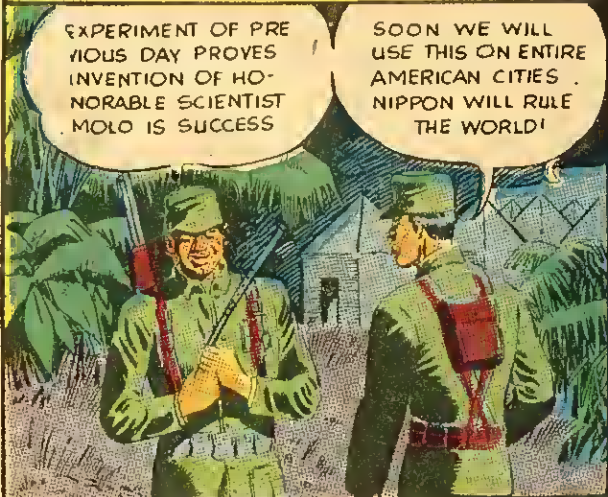
THE RED CROSS LEAVES THE BOAT AT THE BEACH, AND
WALKS IN TOWARD THE INLAND...



MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY...

EXPERIMENT OF PRE-
VIOUS DAY PROVES
INVENTION OF HO-
NORABLE SCIENTIST
MOLO IS SUCCESS

SOON WE WILL
USE THIS ON ENTIRE
AMERICAN CITIES.
NIPPON WILL RULE
THE WORLD!



JAP VOICES! I'LL
HIDE BEHIND THESE BUSHES
AND KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!



IS NECESSARY TO CHANGE
ELECTRONIC BARS FREQUENT-
LY, BUT SCIENTIST MOLO IS
WORKING ON IMPROVEMENT.

IS VERY SUBTLE
THIS ELECTRON-
IC DEATH-RAY
WHICH MAKES
FILTHY AMERI-
CANS WANT TO
KILL THEMSELVES

SO THAT'S IT!
THESE ROTTEN JAPS
HAVE THROWN AN
INVISIBLE CHAIN
OF DEATH AROUND
THIS ISLAND, AND IF I
DON'T STOP THEM THEY
WILL BE USING IT ON
OUR SHIPS AND CITIES

SURPRISE YOU RATS!
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO
GET WHAT'S COMING
TO YOU!

HERE, PIG-FACE!
I DON'T WANT
YOU TO FEEL NEG-
LECTED!

POW!

THIS MAKES THREE SONS
OF THE RISING SUN THAT
HAVE GONE DOWN FOR THE
LAST COUNT!

POW!

LOOK OUT NOW, JAPS! THE
RED CROSS IS OUT FOR
BLOOD!

THE RED
CROSS
RACES
TOWARD
THE CAMP

HOLD ON TO YOUR SEATS,
JAPRATS.. YOU'RE GOING
FOR A SLAY-RIDE!



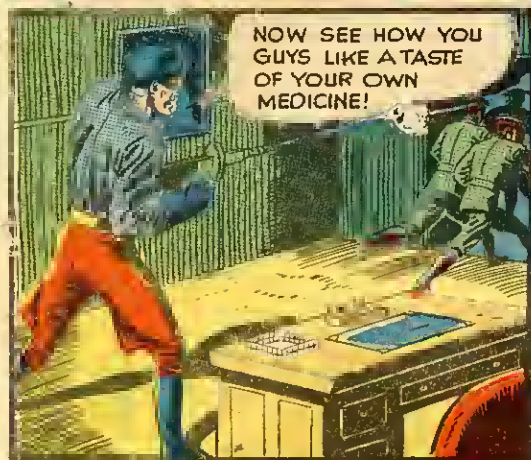
STAND BACK, MEN...
LET MACHINE-GUN
SPEAK TO RED CROSS!

TOO BAD
YOU MISSED
NIPPY!

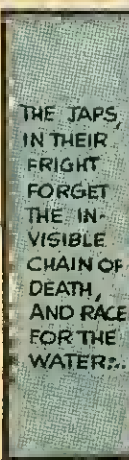


BUT I NEVER MISS ESPE-
CIALLY WITH SUCH GOOD
TARGETS!

BAM!



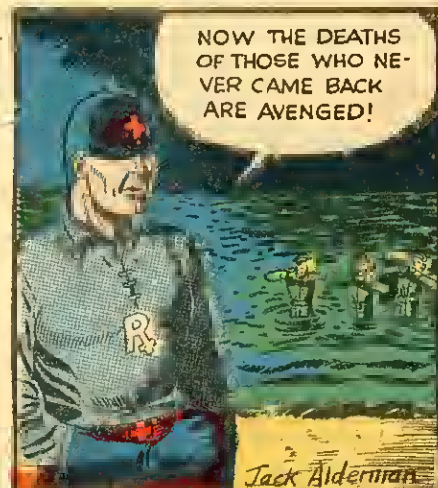
NOW SEE HOW YOU
GUYS LIKE A TASTE
OF YOUR OWN
MEDICINE!



THE JAPS,
IN THEIR
FRIGHT
FORGET
THE IN-
VISIBLE
CHAIN OF
DEATH,
AND RACE
FOR THE
WATER...



THE ELECTRONIC RAY CAUSES THE
JAPS TO KILL THEMSELVES...



NOW THE DEATHS
OF THOSE WHO NE-
VER CAME BACK
ARE AVENGED!

Jack Alderman

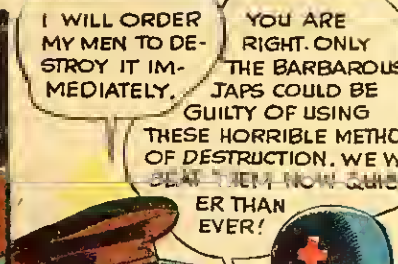


NOW TO CALL THE CO
AND TELL HIM TO COME
AND GET THE ISLAND!



THANKS TO YOU, RED
CROSS, WE HAVE TAKEN
THE ISLAND, AND OUR
SOLDIERS HAVE NOT
DIED IN VAIN.

AND
NOW,
COLONEL,
WHAT ABOUT
THE DEATH
RAY.



I WILL ORDER
MY MEN TO DE-
STROY IT IM-
MEDIATELY.

YOU ARE
RIGHT. ONLY
THE BARBAROUS
JAPS COULD BE
GUILTY OF USING
THESE HORRIBLE METHODS
OF DESTRUCTION. WE WILL
BEAT THEM NOW QUICK-
ER THAN
EVER!

Be sure to Follow the
MIGHTY RED CROSS as
he battles for justice and
Freedom in next months
issue of
CAPTAIN AERO COMICS

CAPTAIN Aero's

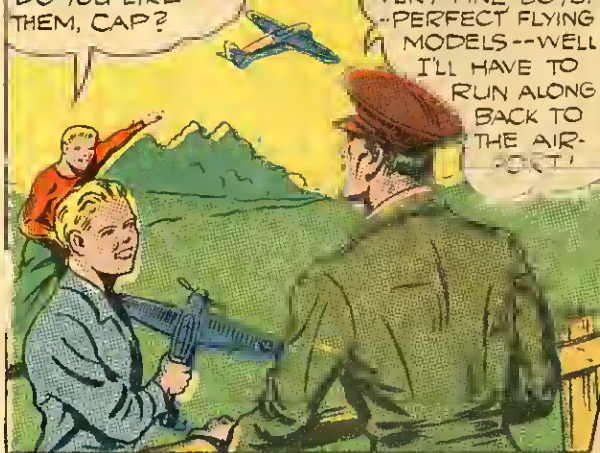
SKY SCOUTS



NOT FAR FROM THE AIRPORT JIMMY AND BOB TRY OUT THEIR NEW MODEL PLANES AS CAPTAIN AERO LOOKS ON WITH APPROVAL--

DO YOU LIKE THEM, CAP?

VERY FINE BOYS! --PERFECT FLYING MODELS--WELL I'LL HAVE TO RUN ALONG BACK TO THE AIRPORT!



ACCOMPANYING CAPT AERO BACK THE BOYS ARE DISCUSSING AVIATION WHEN--

OH, OH! LISTEN TO THAT-- SOMEONE'S SCREAMING----

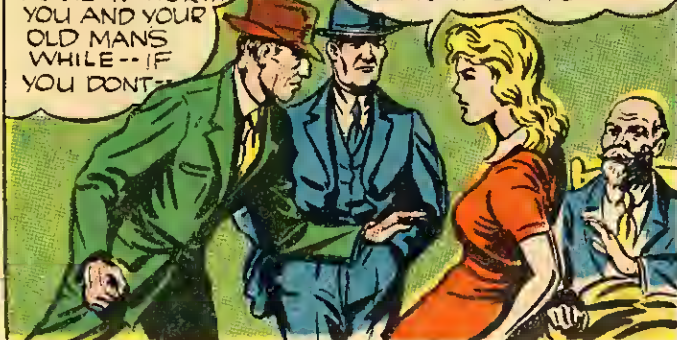
SOUNDS LIKE THEY NEED A LITTLE HELP!



-- NEARBY, IN THE FARMHOUSE, TWO BOARDERS ARE TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS-- THEY WANT TO INSTALL A HUGE SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET ON THE PREMISES --

LISSSEN, KID! IF YOU PLAY BALL WITH US, WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOU AND YOUR OLD MANS WHILE-- IF YOU DONT--

NO! NO! NO! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO USE OUR HOUSE FOR A FILTHY SPY-NEST! I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU --!



-- MEANWHILE



YEAH? WE'LL SEE HOW AFRAID YOU ARE! GRAB THE OLD MAN, PETE! THROTTLE HIM!



ARRIVING ON THE SCENE CAPTAIN AERO AND THE BOYS ACT FAST---

HMM. NICE FELLOWS!

THE DIRTY RATS!

READY TO WORK WITH US, GIRLIE, OR DO WE KNOCK OFF YER OLD MAN?

HELP! YOU COWARDS LET MY FATHER GO!



WAIT A MINUTE BUD-- LET ME SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS THE OTHER WAY AROUND!

HEY! WHAT TH-(GLUB!)

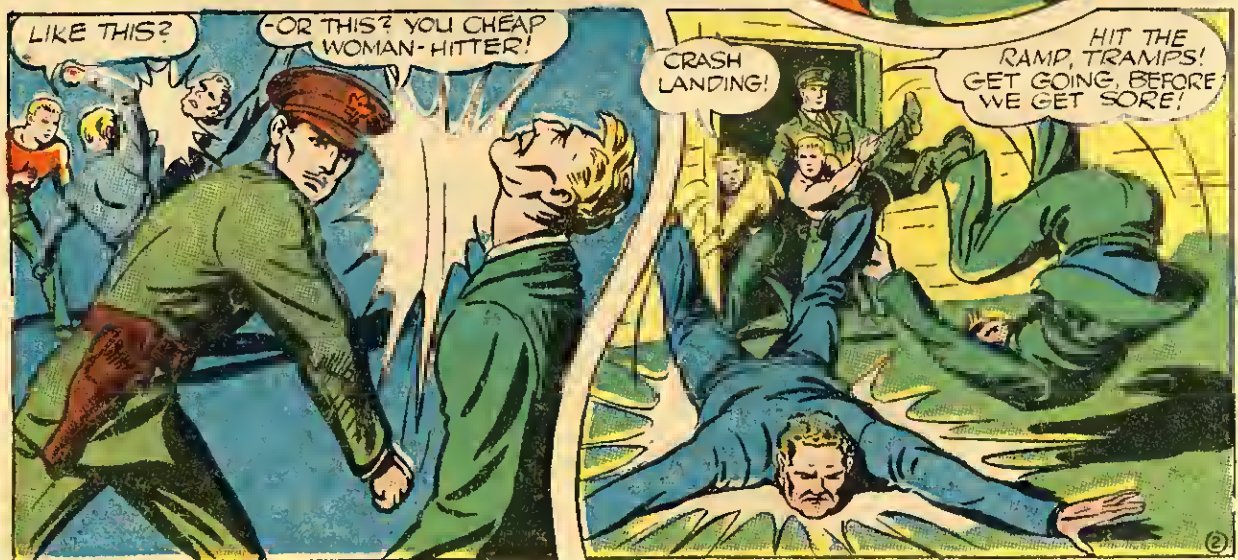


LIKE THIS?

-OR THIS? YOU CHEAP WOMAN-HITTER!

CRASH LANDING!

HIT THE RAMP, TRAMPS! GET GOING, BEFORE WE GET SORE!





WE'LL GET YOU, YET!

--THOSE MEN CAME HERE AS BOARDERS BECAUSE WE FELT AS THOUGH WE COULD USE THE EXTRA MONEY--THEY SEEMED SUSPICIOUSLY INTERESTED IN THE AIRPORT-- THEN, WHEN I SAW WITH THAT RADIO SET IN THEIR ROOM, I GOT FRIGHTENED, AND TOLD THEM TO LEAVE--- I GUESS YOU KNOW THE REST---



NOW-- WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING ALL THIS, MISS?



MISS--YOU MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE BY NOT NOTIFYING THE POLICE--THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN WHAT TO DO---ITS TOO BAD THEY GOT AWAY--- HERE, BOYS, TAKE MY GUN, AND STAND GUARD OVER THIS HOUSE 'TIL I SEND SOMEONE TO RELIEVE YOU--- OKAY?

YES--SIR!



SHALL I GIVE IT TO HIM?

NO! I'VE GOT A BETTER WAY! WE CAN RID OF A PLANE AT THE SAME TIME, TOO!

HE'S PASSED OUT--C'MON! LET'S GO!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM, MISTER?

THE PROPRIETOR INQUIRES

TOO MUCH TO DRINK! WERE HIS PALS! WE'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS OUTFIT!



LATER TWO MEN APPROACH A SOLDIER SITTING IN A TAVERN--KNOCKOUT DROPS ARE QUICKLY PUT IN HIS BEER AS HE LISTENS TO THE OTHER

HI, SOLDIER! MIND IF WE SIT HERE?

COURSE NOT! C'MON, SIT DOWN!



BUT INSTEAD, THEY TAKE HIM TO THEIR HANG-OUT, AND STEAL HIS UNIFORM---

HOW DO I LOOK, BOSS?

OKAY-- LISSEN! TAKE THIS GADGET AND SLIP IT IN AERO'S PLANE --- WHEN HE STARTS THE MOTOR A DEADLY GAS IS RELEASED FROM THIS BOX BY RADIO-ACTIVE WAVES! WE NOT ONLY KNOCK OFF AERO, BUT WE DESTROY THE EVIDENCE--GET IT?

WHERE'S CAPTAIN AERO'S HANGER?
OVER THERE SOLDIER!

NEXT DAY
AS CAPTAIN
AERO IS ABOUT
TO TAKE OFF
IN HIS PLANE---

CAPTAIN AERO!
A MESSAGE FROM
THE MAJOR!

CHANGE
OF
ORDERS?

LIEUTENANT--TAKE
OVER MY RUN--I'LL
BE IN CONFERENCE
WITH THE MAJOR RE-
GARDING SPY
ACTIVITY---

RIGHT

THE LIEUTENANT TAKES
OFF, LITTLE REALIZING THE
DANGER HE IS IN---

CAPTAIN AERO'S PRACTICED EYE
SEES SOMETHING UNUSUAL GOING
ON IN THE PLANE

HE'S IN TROUBLE!
I WONDER
WHAT'S WRONG?
HE'S GOING
INTO A SPIN!

THE DEADLY GAS CLAIMS
ANOTHER VICTIM, HIGH IN
THE SKY--!

--AND THE PLANE GOES
INTO A DEADLY SPIN,
FULL SPEED TO EARTH--

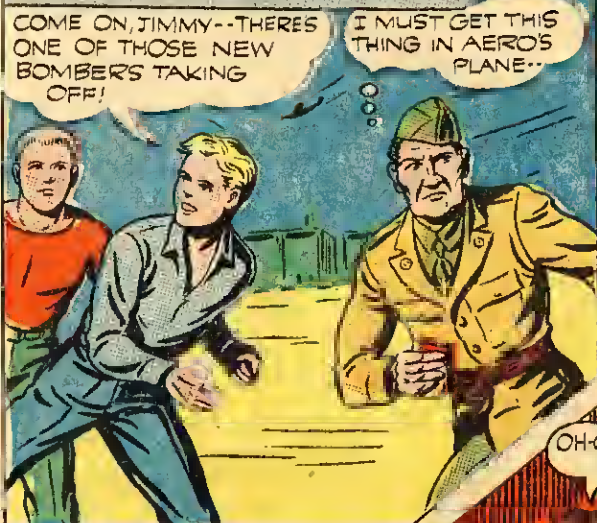
CRASH

PETE RETURNS TO JAKE, AND REPORTS
THE FAILURE OF HIS MISSION---

THE PLANE WENT
DOWN, BUT AERO
WASNT IN IT--I--

SHUT UP! DONT WASTE
TIME, ALIBI IKE! I MIGHT
HAVE KNOWN YOU'D FLOP
THIS JOB! DONT WASTE
MY TIME--GO BACK
AND GET HIM--!

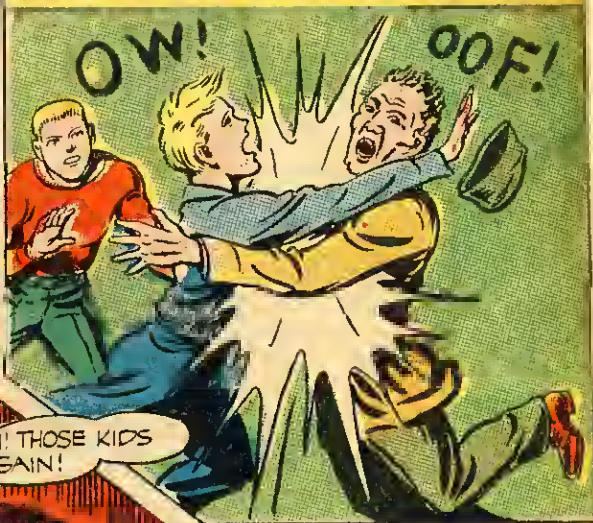
AT THE AIRPORT NEXT DAY ----



COME ON, JIMMY--THERES ONE OF THOSE NEW BOMBERS TAKING OFF!

I MUST GET THIS THING IN AEROS PLANE--

BOBBY AND PETE HAVE AN UNEXPECTED CLASH!



OW!

OOF!

OH-OH! THOSE KIDS AGAIN!



WHY--WHY YOU LITTLE--WHY DONT YOU LOOK WHERE YOUR GOING?

LOOK! LOOK BOBBY!!! RECOGNIZE HIM?

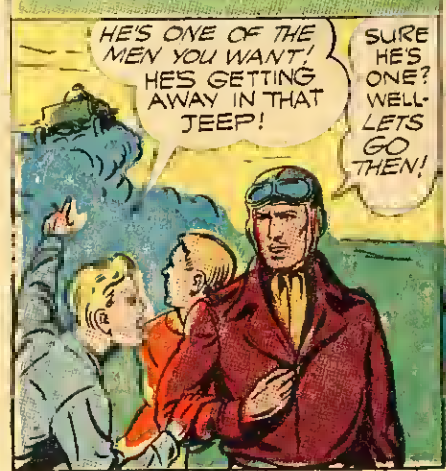


THE BOYS PURSUE PETE UNTIL HE JUMPS INTO AN IDLE JEEP--

DONT LET HIM GET AWAY FROM US!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY---

THE BOYS RACE TO CAPTAIN AERO TO REPORT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED ----



HE'S ONE OF THE MEN YOU WANT! HE'S GETTING AWAY IN THAT JEEP!

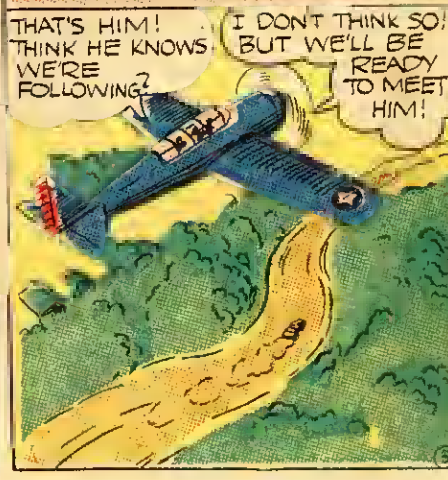
SURE HE'S ONE? WELL- LETS GO THEN!

WATCH THE ROAD, JIMMY--COME ON. BOBBY! MY PLANE IS, STILL ON THE FIELD---



HURRY!

CAREFULLY NOTING THE ROAD BOBBY AND JIMMY ARE NOW IN THE CAPTAINS PLANE ---



THAT'S HIM! THINK HE KNOWS. WE'RE FOLLOWING?

I DONT THINK SO! BUT WE'LL BE READY TO MEET HIM!

NOT
KNOWING
HE IS
BEING
WATCHED
FROM
THE SKY,
PETE
ROARS
ALONG
THE
LITTLE-
USED
ROAD---



WE'RE FAR ENOUGH AHEAD
OF HIM! I'M
GOING TO
LAND---

LANDING NEAR
THE ROAD, THE
TRIO WALK BACK
TO INTERCEPT PETE---



WAITING IN THE BUSHES THEY
SEE THE JEEP RACE INTO THE
DRIVEWAY OF A NEARBY SHACK---



LISSEN, BOSS--THEM
KIDS SPOTTED ME--
I HADDA SCRAM!
I'M GETTIN' OUTA
THIS RACKET, AND
RIGHT NOW!

YEAH?
TAKE IT
EASY,
CREAM-
PUFF--
YOU'RE--



'NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE!
YOU'RE THROUGH! I
MIGHTA KNOWN
YOU'D TURN
YELLER!

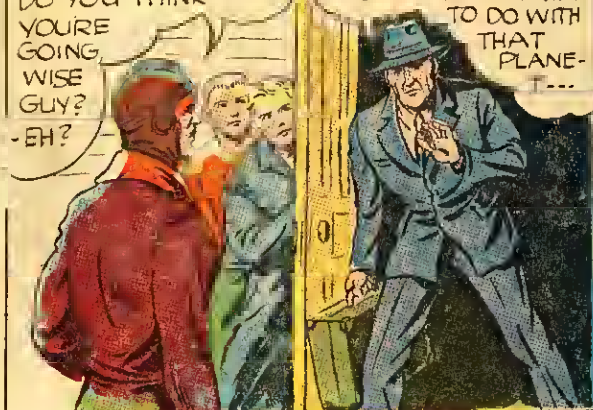


NO? SO YOU KILLED PETE, THOUGH!
HERE'S ONE FOR MY PAL YOU
MURDERED! I CAN'T PIN IT ON YOU,
BUT YOU'LL SWING FOR THE MUR-
DER OF PETE!

JAKE IS ALL READY TO LEAVE THE SHACK,
WHEN---

WELL--WELL! WE
MEET AGAIN! WHERE
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE
GOING
WISE
GUY?
-EH?

CAPTAIN AERO--!
LISSEN-- PETE'S THE
GUY YOU WANT! I
DIDNT HAVE NUTHIN'
TO DO WITH
THAT
PLANE-
I---



DONT FAIL TO READ THE NEXT THRILL-
ING EPISODE OF CAPTAIN AERO, AND
HIS VALIANT SKY SCOUTS IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF

Captain Aero!

BONGO the WIZARD

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. It's free. It doesn't cost a dollar or a half a dollar or the tenth part of a dollar or even the hundredth part of a dollar. It's absolutely free. Bongo the wizard will answer any question you ask." The barker waved his arm in an inviting gesture and the crowd drew closer.

"Who's first?" he asked, and a woman raised her hand.

"Will my son be all right?" she asked.

The barker nodded to his assistant in the crowd. "Your son is in the service," he said, half inquiringly.

"Why, yes," replied the woman. There was surprise in her face at the fact that he knew.

"Well, Bongo, answer the lady's question," said the barker, turning to the turban-topped, squat, beady-eyed man on the chair beside him.

In a heavy accent, Bongo said: "Your son, he weel be all right. He weel come home safe and sound. There is no need for you to worry."

"Thank you so much," said the woman. The assistant in the crowd approached her.

Off on the edge of the gathering stood Steve Hanley and his colleague. Both of them had their eyes glued on the assistant and the woman. They edged closer, to hear what he was saying to her.

"Madam," he was saying, while the barker called for another question, may I congratulate you. Bongo is never wrong. Your son will be safe. If you wish, I can arrange to have a private session for you. There will be no charge. Bongo will be glad to delve deep into the unknown and tell you more—much more about your son—how he is and what he is thinking."

"Would he?" said the woman. "I should be so grateful. I want so much to hear about my son."

"Come to 173 Sutton Boulevard tonight at nine. Bongo will be waiting for you."

He went away and at a signal from the barker approached another woman.

"You see what I mean?" said Steve.

The other nodded. "I think you've got something there," he said. "What do we do now?"

"Nothing yet," said Steve, "except to get a few operatives to surround 137 Sutton Boulevard at nine o'clock."

The pair walked off. As they turned to go, the barker saw them. He bit his lip and hastily summoned his assistant from the crowd. "See those two?" he asked. "I don't like the way

they look. Change the appointments to the Olive Street address, quick, before the women leave."

At nine o'clock, at 22 Olive Street, the barker admitted the woman who had asked the first question. Bongo was seated in a blue light at a low table on which rested a crystal ball. He seemed deep in reverie. At a sign from the barker, the woman seated herself before Bongo. "You want to know more about your son?" asked the latter.

"Oh, yes," said the woman eagerly.

"He is in Africa, perhaps?"

"I'm not supposed to tell," said the woman.

"If you resist me mentally, I cannot help you," said Bongo. "But perhaps you do not weesh to cooperate."

"Ah, but I do," said the woman. "I'd do anything to have news of my son. He's—he's stationed in—"

"Yes—yes—go on," said Bongo eagerly.

"He's stationed on Attu."

"Weeth what regiment?"

"Must you know that too?"

"Eef you want me to help you."

Just as the woman was about to speak there was a sharp rap at the door. Bongo and the barker started.

Before they could collect themselves, the door opened and Steve entered with his companion of the afternoon.

"Well, Myra," said Steve to the woman, "was I right?"

She stood up, a grim smile on her face. "I'll say you were," she said. "They tried to pump me for military information, as they must have been doing to all the other women."

Steve had already whipped out a revolver and he had the pair covered.

"You are weeth them—weeth these men!" exclaimed Bongo.

The barker uttered an oath. "I spotted those guys for Government men the minute I saw them he said. But I never thought that she—"

"Come along," said Steve. "You've got a lot of talking to do, you two. And I can't promise any parties for you after that. I guess the chief was right. There are some cases in which a woman operative has it all over a man. Nice work, Myra. You look more like the mother of a soldier than anyone I ever saw. Too bad for these guys that the only child you have in the service is a WAAC."

Alias



by
HERMAN C.
BROWNER



EVER SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF BIOTIN, THE MOST POWERFUL VITAMIN ON EARTH, SCIENTISTS HAVE TRIED TO DUPLICATE THIS GROWTH PROMOTING VITAMIN BY SYNTHETIC MEANS TO OVERCOME THE NATURAL PRODUCTS SCARCITY AND ENORMOUS COST.

WHEN DR. FRANK BLACK, AFTER A LIFELONG SEARCH, FINDS A WAY TO PRODUCE BIOTIN SYNTHETICALLY, HE DID NOT DREAM TO WHAT WOULD BE PUT TO BY THE RUTHLESS ENEMIES OF OUR DEMOCRACY.

BEHIND THE INNOCENT FRONT OF A PRIVATE SANATORIUM SINISTER MINDS PLOT AGAINST THE SAFETY OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY ---

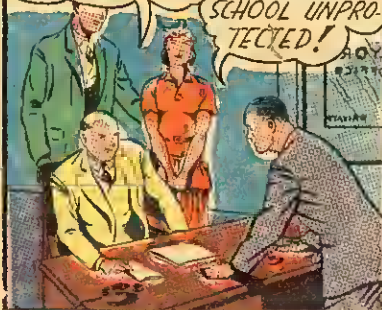
I AM SORRY, MR. WAGNER, BUT THE PEOPLE ARE AROUSED. ISN'T THAT TRUE, MIKE?

YEAH, BOSS. GOODS ARE HARD TO GET. MAYBE WE SHOULD MOVE?



MEANWHILE, AT CITY HALL A GROUP OF PROMINENT CITIZENS CONFER WITH THE MAYOR ---

I ASSURE YOU EVERY- (WELL, IT ISN'T THING HUMANLY POSSIBLE IS BEING DONE TO STOP THIS WAVE OF KIDNAPPINGS- CHILDREN TO SCHOOL UNPROTECTED!)



ALIAS X, WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED TO SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH HIS FRIEND WILLIAM CORD, RETURNS FROM A WALK WITH EDDY, CORDS ONLY SON ---

YOU KNOW, I'M NOT ALLOWED ON THE STREET WHEN IT GETS DARK. MOTHER WILL BE WORRIED!

WHY, EDDY? SHE KNOWS YOU'RE WITH ME!

AS THEY APPROACH A BEND ON THE ROAD--

HERE COMES SOMETHING WE CAN USE! GET READY!

GOT A MATCH, BUDDY? CERTAINLY! HERE YOU ARE



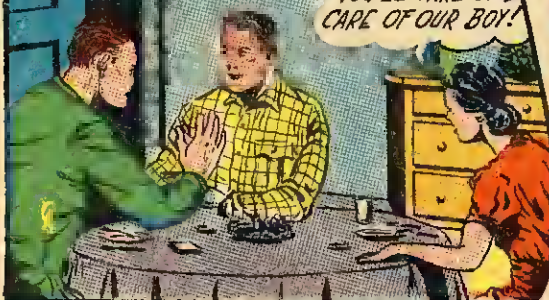
A
SHORT TIME
LATER
AT THE
CORD'S HOME,
EDDY'S
PARENTS RE-
LATE A TER-
RIBLE STORY

--AND THIS IS THE
STORY IN A NUT-
SHELL. 7 CHILDREN
A! BOYS OF ABOUT
TEN, HAVE DISAP-
PEARED WITHOUT
A TRACE!

THIS IS
HORRIBLE!
ARE YOU
GAME ENOUGH
TO TRUST EDDY
IN MY CARE?

IF IT WILL
HELP TO
SPARE
OTHER
PARENTS
FROM THIS
PAIN,

YES! WE KNOW
YOU'LL TAKE GOOD
CARE OF OUR BOY!



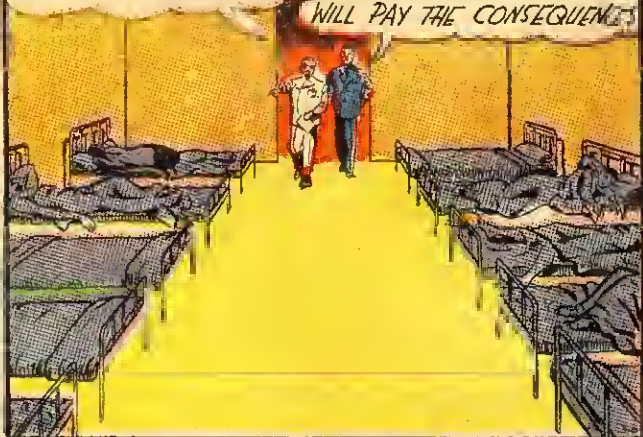
MEANWHILE AT THE
BLACK SANATORIUM--

YOU DUMMKOPF! I NEED
HALF A DOTZEND RIGHT
AWAY FOR AN IMPORTANT
JOB ON THE PANAMA
CANAL! YOU'RE FALLING
DOWN ON DER JOB! LET
ME SEE WAT YOU GOT!



THIS IS ALL WE HAVE
AT THE MOMENT, AND
THIS ONE IS NOT
READY YET, WAGNER!

BAH! EXCUSES! I MUST
HAVE SIX BY THE END OF
DER WEEK! GET THEM OR
YOUR PARENTS IN GERMANY
WILL PAY THE CONSEQUENCES!



FOR MORE THAN A WEEK ALIAS X AND EDDY
HAVE TEMPTED THE KIDNAPPERS WITHOUT RE-
SULTS. -- THEN ONE AFTERNOON ---

WATCH THIS
SPITBALL!



-- TWO STRANGERS IN-
TERRUPT THEIR GAME --

STRIKE THREE! YER
OUT! DROP THAT
BAT MUG!



I AM DROPPING
IT, SKUNK!



THAT WILL KEEP YOU
'TIL I GET BACK!





CONFRONTED
WITH THE
SERIOUS CHARGE
OF ATTEMPTED
KIDNAPPING,
THE THUG
BREAKS DOWN
AND TELLS
WHAT LITTLE
HE KNOWS



FINDING HIMSELF LOCKED IN, ALIAS X RETURNS TO THE MORTALLY WOUNDED DR BLACK---

CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

NO, THANK YOU! I AM GLAD IT IS OVER--THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO DO-- RELEASE THOSE POOR DEVILS IN THE BASEMENT-- SECRET PASSAGE BEHIND FIRE PLACE-- ANTI-SERUM IN WAGNER'S SAFE--



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO ARE THESE CREATURES?

THE MISSING CHILDREN! I DISCOVERED AN INEXPENSIVE WAY OF MAKING SYNTHETIC BIOTIN--MAKES THEM GROW STRONG--BUT NOT MENTALLY-- MUST GET WAGNER-- NAZI AGENT-- TELL THE CHILDREN TO PARENTS-- PROMISE!



DISCOVERING THE PASSAGE-WAY ALIAS X ENTERS THE BASEMENT DORMITORY ONLY TO FIND--

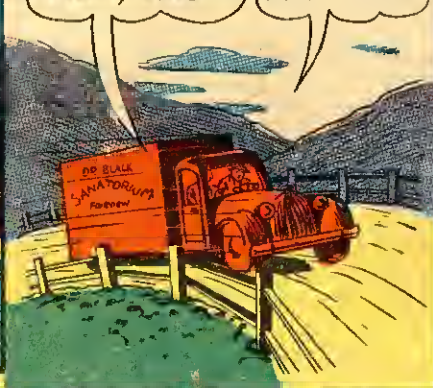
GONE!



MEANWHILE, MIKE WITH HIS HORRIBLE CARGO IS SPEEDING TOWARDS WAGNER'S HIDEOUT--

FOR HEAVENS SAKE, WATCH THOSE TOWNS, MIKE!

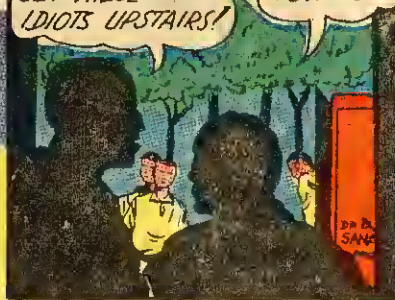
AW NUTS! WE GOTTA MAKE TIME!



IGNORANT OF THE FACT THAT ALIAS X HAS PICKED-UP THEIR TRAIL, MIKE REACHES THE HIDEOUT--

VAT ISS UP? YOU KNOW IT ISS AGAINST MY ORDERS TO COME HERE! GET THESE IDIOTS UPSTAIRS!

KEEP YER SHIRT ON! THINGS ARE GETTING TOO HOT IN TOWN!



ALIAS X HAS WATCHED THE LAST OF THE LITTLE GIANTS ENTER THE HOUSE--

LOOK OUT WAGNER!

YOU MEAN, LOCK UP WAGNER, I'LL DO THAT, RAT!

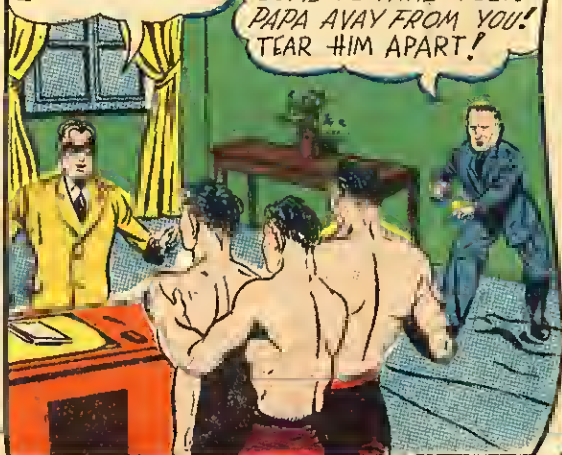
NOT SO FAST-- STAND WHERE YOU ARE -- DAT DUMMKOPF MIKE! I'LL KILL HIM FOR DAT!



SUDDENLY A STRANGE PROCESSION ENTERS—

GOOD GRIEF!
LOOK AT THAT!

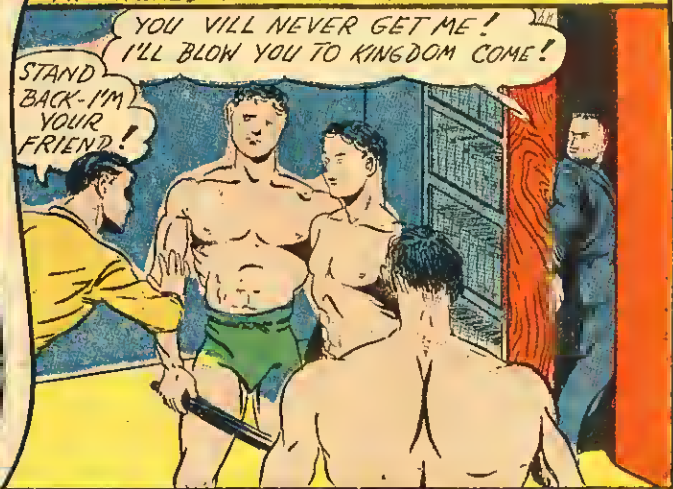
AT HIM BOYS! HE HAS
COME TO TAKE YOUR
PAPA AWAY FROM YOU!
TEAR HIM APART!



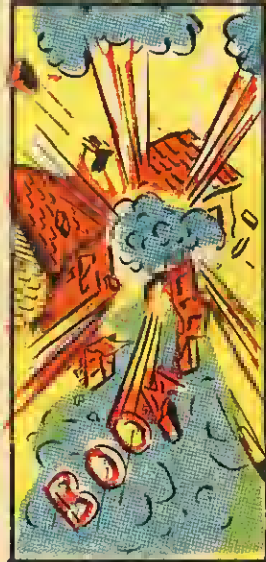
THE LITTLE GIANTS, STILL DROWSY, ARE TOO
FRIGHTENED TO OBEY WAGNER'S COMMAND---

YOU VILL NEVER GET ME!
I'LL BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME!

STAND
BACK—I'M
YOUR
FRIEND!



IN THE CELLAR, WAGNER, HIS TWISTED
BRAIN BENT ON DESTROYING HIS
ENEMIES, PULLS A SWITCH—



REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, ALIAS X HAS
SUCCEEDED IN FREED THE LITTLE
GIANTS FROM THE SMOLDERING DEBRIS—

THANK GOD, THEY'RE ALL RIGHT,
JUST STUNNED! --- AH, HERE
IS BLACK'S FORMULA WHICH WILL
CURE THESE POOR CREATURES!



THAT'S WHAT IS LEFT
OF WAGNER! I HOPE
HITLER JOINS HIM SOON!



WITH THE AID OF DR BLACK'S SERUM
THE LITTLE GIANTS SOON RESUME
THEIR FORMER PHYSICAL APPEARANCE
AND ARE RESTORED TO THEIR OVER-
JOYED PARENTS ---

WELL, AT LAST I CAN ENJOY THE
REST OF MY STAY! GOT A BITE, EDDYH!



WATCH FOR
ANOTHER
ADVENTURE
OF

"Alias
X"

IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF

"Captain
Aero"

Miss VICTORY

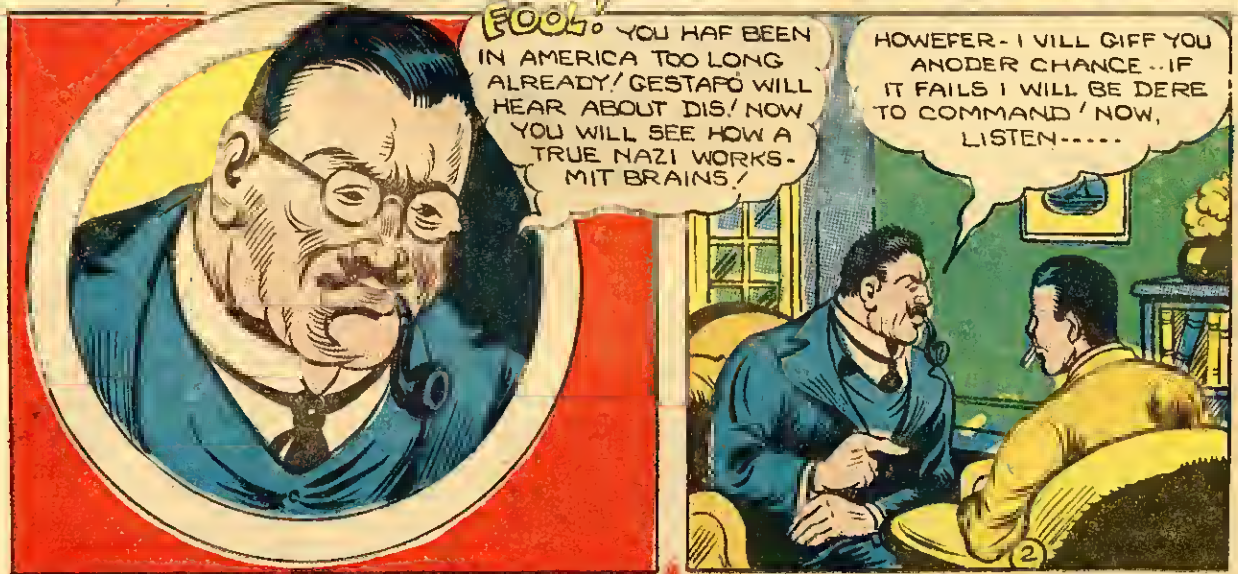
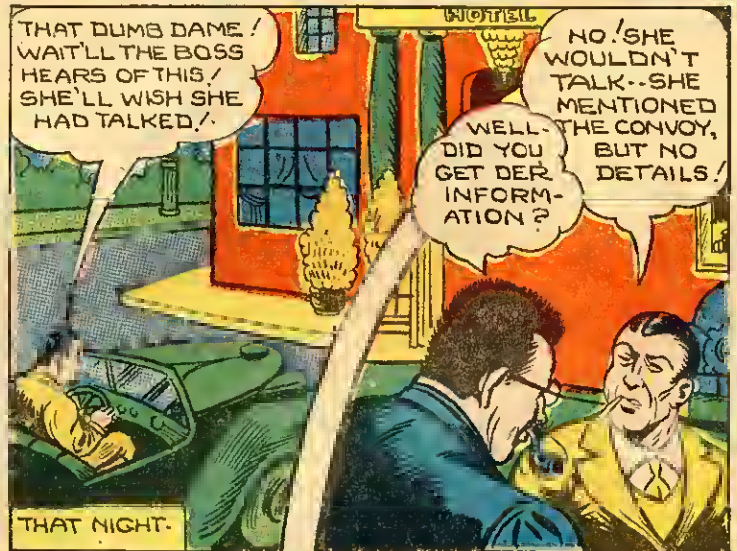


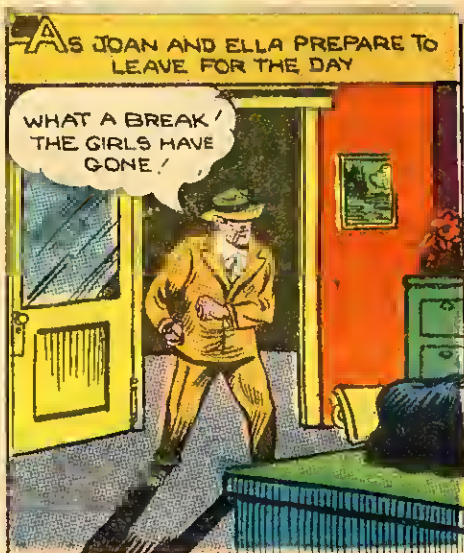
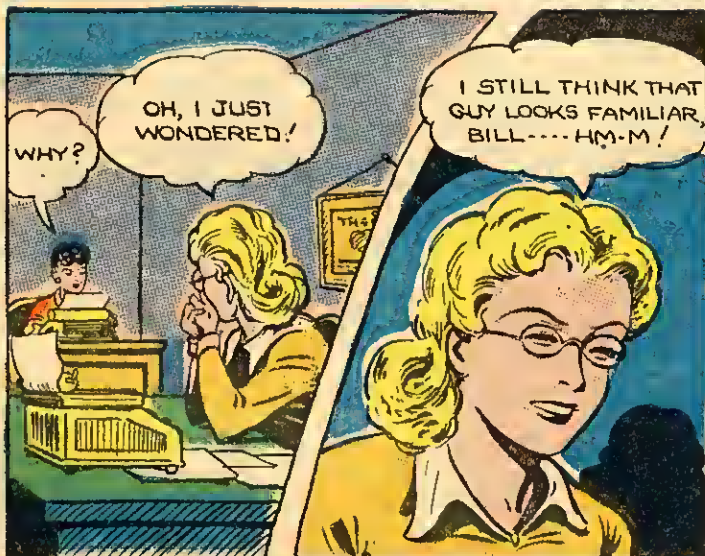
IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO OBTAIN CERTAIN VALUABLE PAPERS VITAL TO THE WAR EFFORT, A CLEVER BAND OF FOREIGN ENEMY AGENTS FIND THE MYSTERIOUS MISS VICTORY MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THEM!

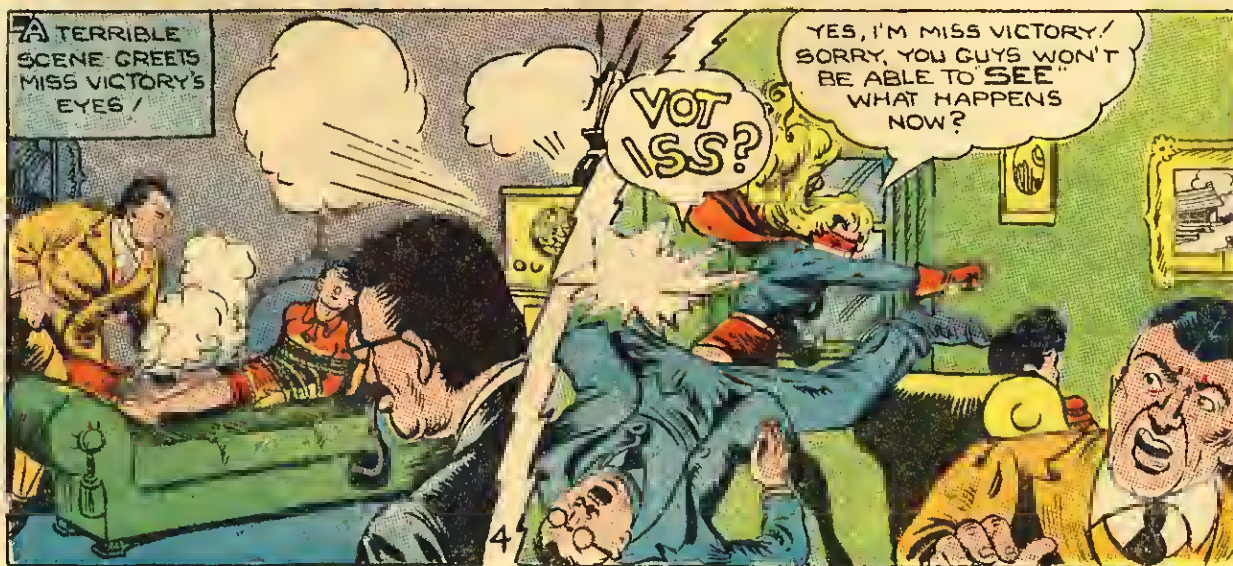
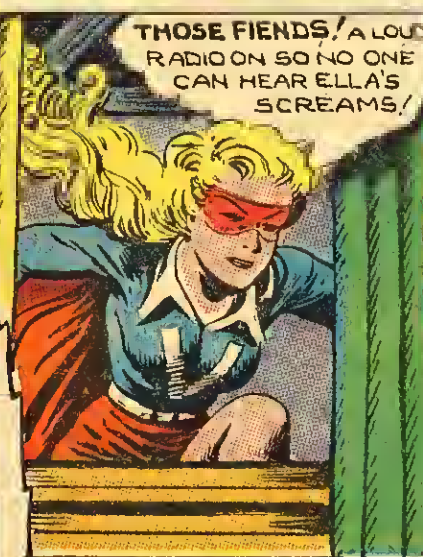
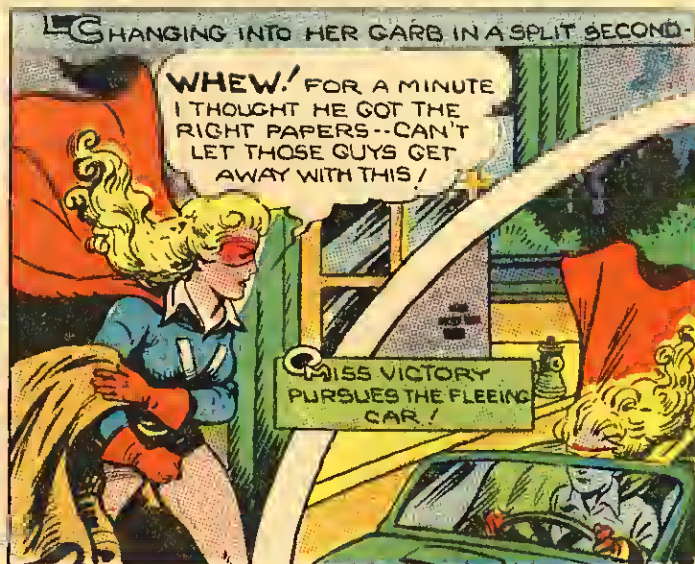
QUITTING TIME AT THE WASHINGTON OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

SO LONG, ELLA!

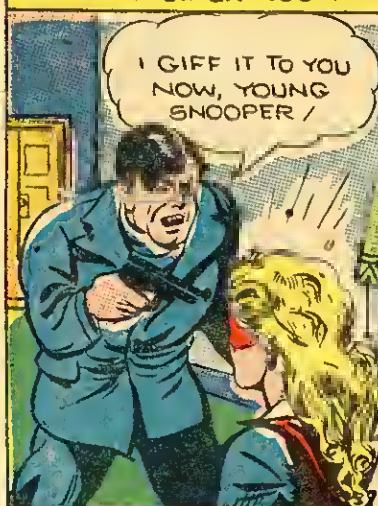
WHEW! WHAT A DAY! OH, THERE'S BILL -- G'BYE, JOAN, SEE YOU TO MORROW!



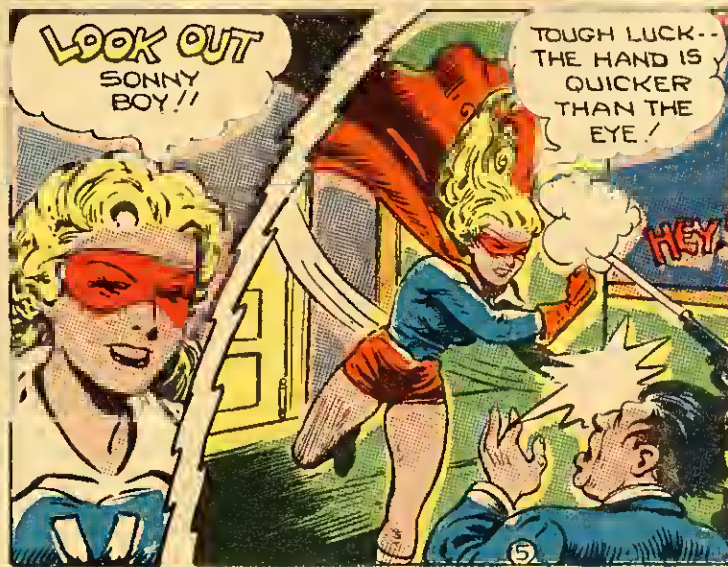


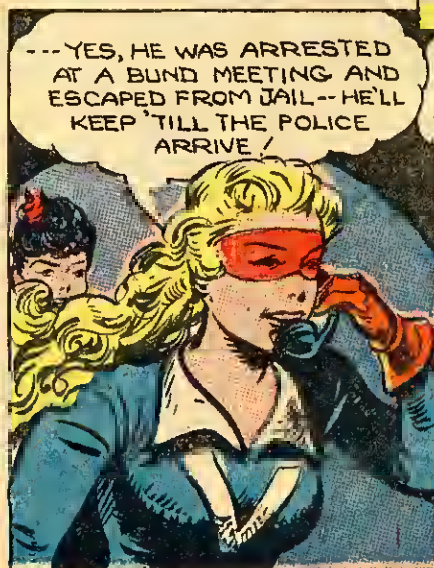
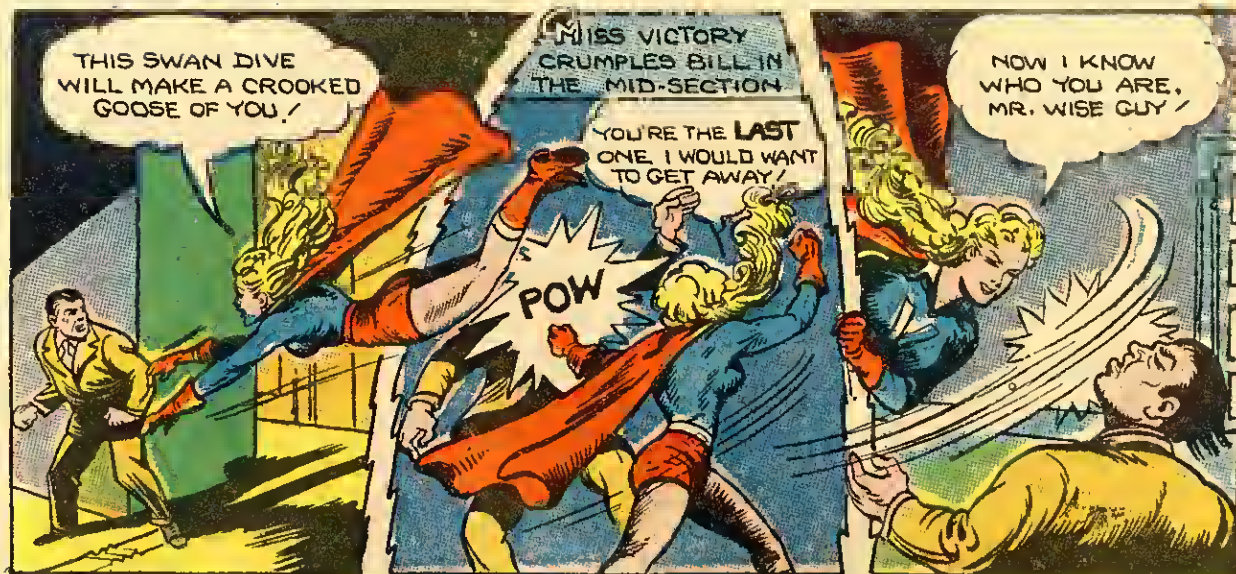


ANOTHER NAZI APPEARS FROM ANOTHER ROOM!



THE NAZI BOSS RUNS FOR THE ELEVATOR AND LEAPS!





It's Coming!

AMERICA'S MOST UNUSUAL
COMIC MAGAZINE...

SUSPENSE

COMICS



WHAT STRANGE MYSTERIES DO THE WHEELS OF DESTINY GRIND FROM THE GRAINS OF CHANCE? WHY DOES THE WEIRD FIGURE OF ADVENTURE COME CLOAKED IN THE GARMENT OF CIRCUMSTANCE? ... WHO WEAVES THE WEB THAT ENTANGLES THE LIVES OF ORDINARY INDIVIDUALS...? WHERE IS THE SOURCE OF INTRIGUE, TRAGEDY, AND TERROR... WHAT STRANGE EXPERIENCES LURK BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR... THE DRAWN BUNDS... THE EERIE SHADOWS OF A DARK ALLEY... THE DISMAL HOWL OF A HOUND AT EVENTIDE...? MIDNIGHT...! AND A SHAPELESS HULK APPEARING OUT OF THE GLOOM... RUIN THE GAMUT OF EMOTIONS IN THIS NEW STARTLINGLY ORIGINAL MAGAZINE ... WATCH FOR **SUSPENSE!!!!**

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COMMANDOS of the DEVIL-DOGS...
SKY SCOUTS ... AND MANY OTHER TOP-
NOTCH COMIC-MAGAZINE CHARACTERS ...!!

Commandos

of the DEVIL-DOGS

HIGH-HANDED TREACHERY
IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES
OF GUADALCANAL!

TOJO'S BUTCHERS STOP
AT NOTHING TO CARRY
OUT THEIR SCHEMES FOR
A NIPPONESE CONQUEST--
--AND A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL MUST AID THESE
MADMEN, OR ---

BUT READ ON, AND
LEARN THE SECRET OF

**"SHALNA of the
ISLANDS"**

Story by JACK GROGAN
Art by MARC BORGATTA



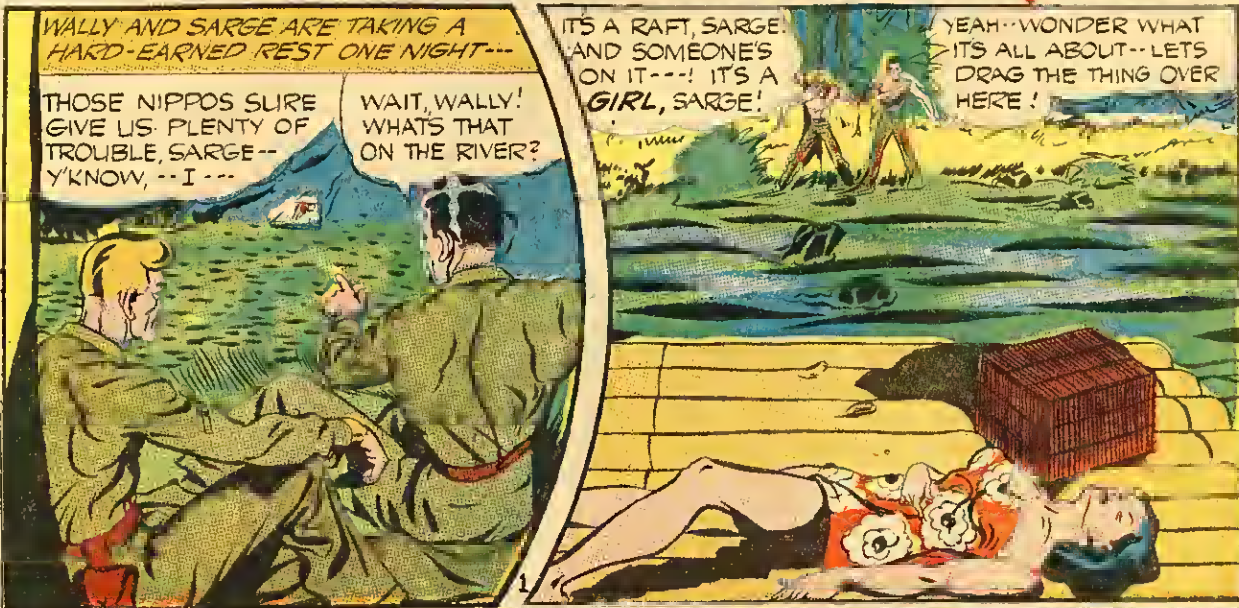
WALLY AND SARGE ARE TAKING A
HARD-EARNED REST ONE NIGHT---

THOSE NIPPPOS SURE
GIVE US PLENTY OF
TROUBLE, SARGE--
Y'KNOW, --I ---

WAIT, WALLY!
WHAT'S THAT
ON THE RIVER?

IT'S A RAFT, SARGE!
AND SOMEONE'S
ON IT---! IT'S A
GIRL, SARGE!

YEAH--WONDER WHAT
IT'S ALL ABOUT--LET'S
DRAG THE THING OVER
HERE!



(GLUB) GOSH! A
GIRL! A REAL
LIVE (GLUB) GIRL!
WE AIN'T SEEN
A GIRL SINCE---

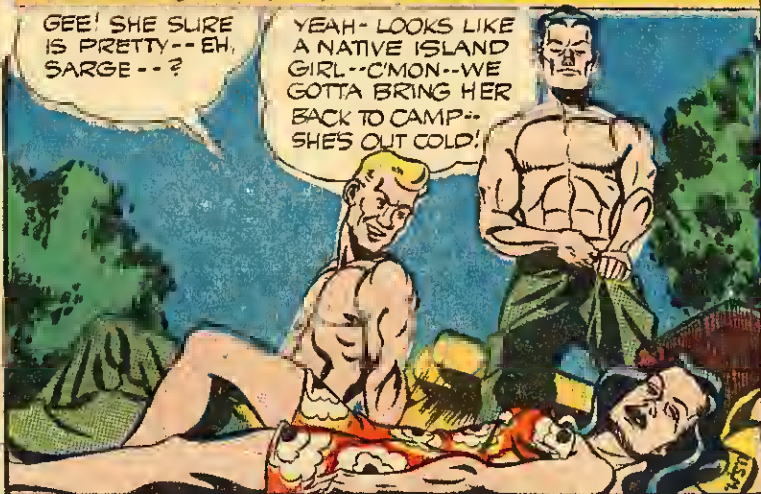
SHUT UP, AND
SAVE YOUR
BREATH, CHUMP...
WE'VE GOT
WORK TO
DO----



A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE SHORE---

GEE! SHE SURE
IS PRETTY-- EH,
SARGE--?

YEAH- LOOKS LIKE
A NATIVE ISLAND
GIRL--C'MON--WE
GOTTA BRING HER
BACK TO CAMP--
SHE'S OUT COLD!



THE GIRL IS REVIVED AT
CAPTAIN GREY'S QUARTERS--

LATER.. AT THE MARINE CAMP--

WHAT THE
HECK IS
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

SARGE AND I
CAN PICK UP
GIRLS EVEN
HERE EH
SARGE?



SHE'S COMING
TO, NOW---!

WONDER WHO
SHE IS?

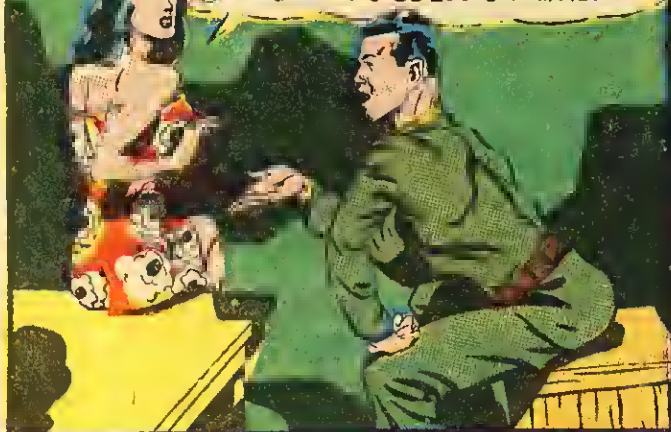


SWIFTLY SARGE
TELLS HER OF THE
JUNGLE-- AN

O.OOHHHH---WHERE AM I?
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME--?



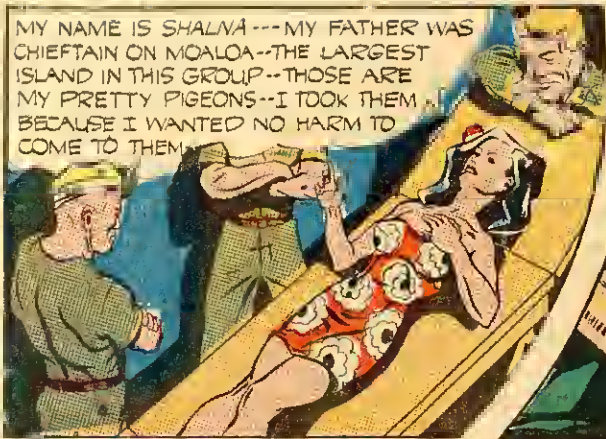
OH-- THANK YOU SO--- IT WAS SO HORRIBLE --
THOSE AWFUL TAPS MURDERED MY FATHER AND
MOTHER-- THEY CHASED ME-- I LOST
THEM IN THE JUNGLE--- FOUND
A RAFT I-I GUESS I FAINTED---



WELL, DONT WORRY AT ALL --
YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE
HERE -- WHAT IS YOUR
NAME, AND WHAT ARE
THOSE PIGEONS
DOING WITH YOU?



MY NAME IS SHALVA---MY FATHER WAS CHIEFTAIN ON MOALOA--THE LARGEST ISLAND IN THIS GROUP--THOSE ARE MY PRETTY PIGEONS--I TOOK THEM BECAUSE I WANTED NO HARM TO COME TO THEM



--WELL, MISS--YOU JUST LIE HERE AND REST-- WE'LL FIND SUITABLE ACCOMMODATIONS FOR YOU--COME ON MEN

THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH---



THIS SHALA BASE WE PICKED UP LAST NIGHT, AINT A BAD DISH EH, SARGE--?

WHY DONT YOU SHUT UP' SHE AINT YOUR TYPE!



WHAT ARE WE HIDIN FOR? WE DIDNT DO NUTHIN!

SH-H-H-H-H SHUT UP WILL YA! I WANTA FIND OUT SOMETHIN



IT'S KINDA FUNNY THOUGH ABOUT PIGEONS OF HERS--Y'KNOW, I---

WALLY' SHUT UP! SH-H-H-H HERE SHE COMES, NOW! SHE'S GOT THAT CAGE WITH HER---



GO--LITTLE PIGEON TO YOUR CRUEL MASTER! (SOB) MY HEART IS BLEEDING---

SARGE' SHE'S CRYIN'

YEAH I GET IT NOW!





SO--THAT'S YOUR GAME, YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSIN' DAME! YOU'RE A SPY FOR THE NIPS, JUST LIKE I FIGURED WHEN I SAW THOSE CARRIER PIGEONS!

OH-H-H!



C'MON, YA BROWN MATA HARI-- TALK! WHAT'S YER STORY, ANYHOW?

YOU HURT ME--OHH! I'LL TELL ALL!



--AND THE LITTLE BROWN BEASTS CAME--THEY HOLD MY FATHER AND MOTHER PRISONERS! THEY MADE ME COME HERE AND COUNT THE NUMBER OF MEN HERE, AND PUT THE NUMBER ON A CARRIER PIGEON--THEY WILL KILL MY FATHER AND MOTHER IF I DIDN'T--!

WELL-- DID YOU?

YEAH-- DID YOU?



YE-ES--! BUT I TOOK THAT NUMBER, AND MULTIPLIED IT BY FIVE! THEY--THEY'LL THINK YOU HAVE A LARGE FORCE HERE ---!



PLEASE! BELIEVE ME--

HMMM--I'M GLAD YOU DID THAT! IT'LL GIVE US TIME TO ORGANIZE! LETS GET BACK TO CAMP ---!



--AND WE CAN GRAB THOSE NIPS, CAP! WE CAN GET THEIR SUPPLIES AND GUNS--TONIGHT!

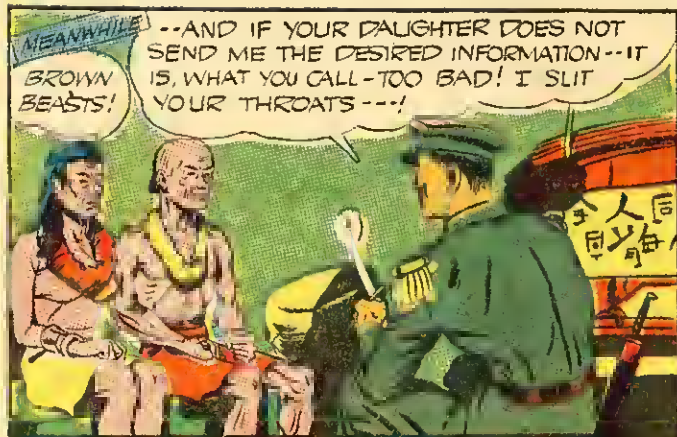
SUPPOSE THE GIRL IS LYING?



I'LL SWEAR SHE ISN'T! TOO MUCH IS AT STAKE FOR HER TO LIE!

OKAY--TONIGHT IT IS--!

THE LITTLE BROWN MEN ARE ONLY TWICE YOUR NUMBER--AND COWARDS--! THEY MADE ME DO THIS BECAUSE THEY KNEW I WOULDN'T LET MY FATHER AND MOTHER DIE AT THEIR HANDS---! I WILL GUIDE YOU DOWNSTREAM!

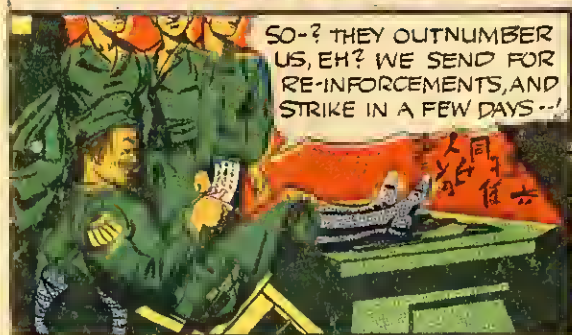


MEANWHILE
BROWN
BEASTS!

--AND IF YOUR DAUGHTER DOES NOT
SEND ME THE DESIRED INFORMATION--IT
IS, WHAT YOU CALL--TOO BAD! I SLIT
YOUR THROATS---!



HONORABLE
ONE! PIGEON
HAS RETURNED
WITH MESSAGE--!

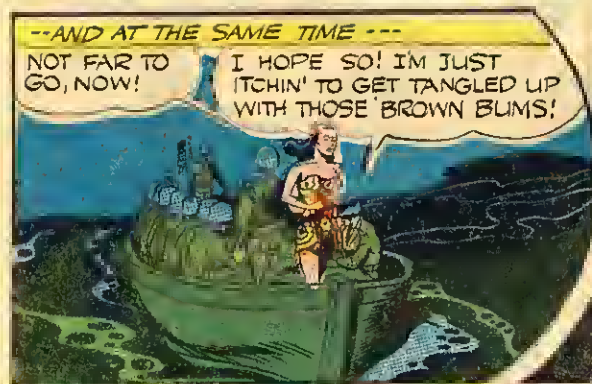


SO-? THEY OUTNUMBER
US, EH? WE SEND FOR
RE-INFORCEMENTS, AND
STRIKE IN A FEW DAYS--!



TO-NIGHT--I KILL
THEM--PERSONALLY!
WITH MY OWN
KNIFE! WILL BE
PLEASURE--AND LESSON
TO OTHERS WHO TRY TO HALT
BELOVED MIKADO'S PLANS!

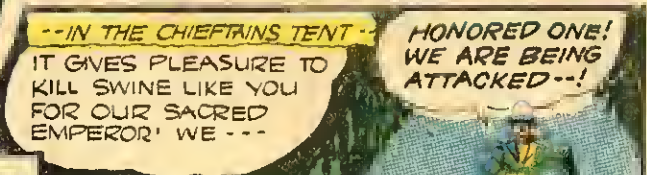
--AND WHAT
OF CHIEFTAIN
AND WIFE, OH
HONORABLE
ONE?



--AND AT THE SAME TIME ---

NOT FAR TO
GO, NOW!

I HOPE SO! I'M JUST
ITCHIN' TO GET TANGLED UP
WITH THOSE 'BROWN BUMS'!



--IN THE CHIEFTAINS TENT --

IT GIVES PLEASURE TO
KILL SWINE LIKE YOU
FOR OUR SACRED
EMPEROR! WE ---

HONORED ONE!
WE ARE BEING
ATTACKED---!



LATER
TIME FOR CHIEFTAIN TO DIE! HE
AND WIFE USELESS TO NIPPON!
COME---!

BANZAI!
NIPPON
FOREVER!



THE DEVIL-DOG
COMMANDOS
ARRIVE! WITH
THE SPEED OF
GREASED LIGHT-
NING, AND THE
FURY OF A
MILLION THUN-
DERBOLTS, THEY
LASH OUT AT
THE JAP
GARRISON--



THIS IS FROM
MY PEOPLE
YOU BROWN
PIG!

AGHRRRRR!

TORTURE WOMEN AND
CHILDREN, WILL YA--YA
MONKEY FACED BUM!

THERE'S ONE
MORE SON
THAT AINT
GONNA
RISE!



EXACTLY FIVE
MINUTES LATER--

A JOB WELL
DONE, SERGEANT
TANNER!

THANKS,
CAPTAIN--
WE CAN THANK
SHALNA, TOO!

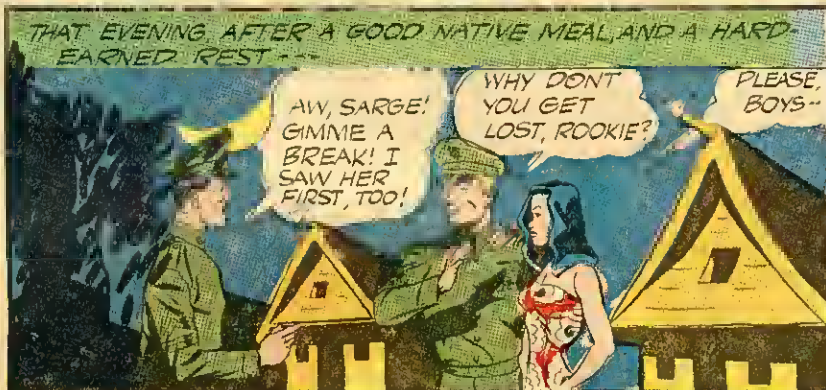


THAT EVENING, AFTER A GOOD NATIVE MEAL AND A HARD-
EARNED REST--

AW, SARGE!
GIMME A
BREAK! I
SAW HER
FIRST, TOO!

WHY DONT
YOU GET
LOST, ROOKIE?

PLEASE,
BOYS--



SHE SURE IS A NICE TOMATO,
SARGE-- EH? WASNT IT NICE
OF HER TO LET THE
BOTH OF US WALK
HER HOME?

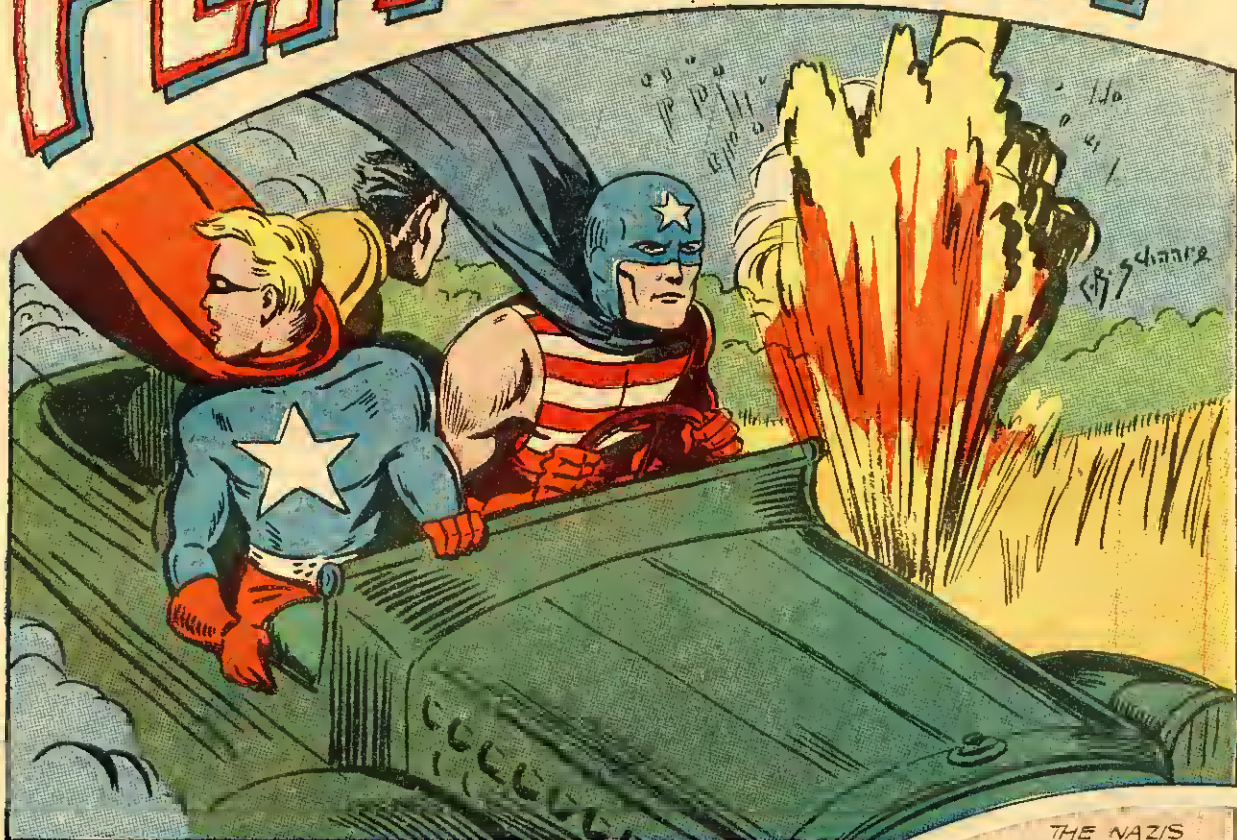
YEAH---
WHAT WAS
SWELL
ABOUT IT?
CANT YOU
EVER TAKE
A HINT?



WALLY AND SARGE ARE IN FOR A
LOT OF UNUSUAL SURPRISES IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF CAPT. AERO-----

BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS

FLAGMAN



THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND, HEADED BY JACQUES GAUGANNE, IS, AS USUAL, ACTIVE IN THE VERY FACE OF NAZI OPPRESSION AND TYRANNY---

LOOK! GAUGANNE HAS DONE IT AGAIN! OUR UNDERGROUND PAPER SAYS THAT HE DESTROYED MORE TRAINLOADS OF AMMUNITION FROM---

SO! THEY READ UNDERGROUND NEWS?

THE NAZIS TRY TO COMBAT THE UNDERGROUND NEWS WITH LITTLE SUCCESS!

HALDT! HALDT, FRENCH DOGS! WAIT! I---

VIVE LE GAUGANNE!



FIND OUT WHO PRINTS
DIS VERBOTEY RAG
OF A PAPER, OR VE
ARE DISGRACED! GO!
MACH SCHNELL ----!



HERE ISS A BOY I FOUND MIT
PAPERS, MIEN CAPITAN! HE
MIGHT KNOW WHO ---



YOU'LL GET
NOTHING FROM
ME, HUN PIG!

HUN PIG, EH? TALK-- YOU LITTLE
SWINE, OR YOU GET THAT! WHO
IS GAUGANNE?



JACQUES! THEY ARE TORTUR-
ING MY BOY! DONT LET
HIM DIE! DO SOMETHING,
QUICKLY---PLEASE--!

OUI! --- THERE
IS BUT ONE
THING TO DO--!



--- GAUGANNE DOES THE ONLY THING HE CAN
DO --- GOES TO THE GESTAPO ---!

I AM GAUG-
ANNE! RELEASE
THE BOY! I'M
THE ONE YOU
WANT ---!

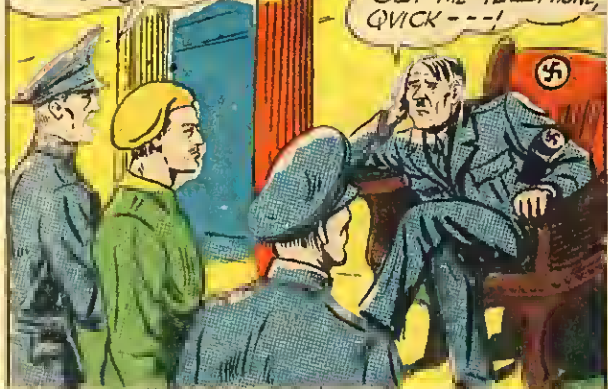
SO! YOU FINALLY CAME
TO US! THE PIG OF A
BOY WOULD NOT TALK!
BUT-- NOW THAT YOU'RE
HERE---



GAUGANNE IS WHISKED AWAY TO DER
FEUHRER HIMSELF ---!

LOOK WHO VE HAVE HERE,
OH GREAT ONE! GAUGANNE,
CAUSE OF ALL FRENCH
UPRISING!

NISCHT GOOT!
VE HAFF BIG
PARTY FOR DISS!
GET ME TELEPHONE
QUICK ---!



MUSSY? COME OVER, QVICK! AT LAST
VE HAFF A CHANCE TO CELEBRATE---
VE HAFF CHUST CAPTURED DER
SWINE GAUGANNE ---!

WHO?
GAUGANNE?
GOODA! I
COME RIGHTA
OVER BOSS! I'M
NOT SUCHA SWELL
GUY IN ITALY AFTER
ALL--- I JUSTA FOUND
OUT ---!



--MAJOR HORNET, AND RUSTY, ON SPECIAL DUTY IN TUNISIA HEAR THE BAD NEWS--

MIEN COMRADES! YOUR FEHRER SPEAKS! VE HAF CAPTURED DER FAMOUS GAUGANNE, LEADER OF DER FRENCH UNDERGROUND! VE VILL EXECUTE HIM, AND QUICKLY--!

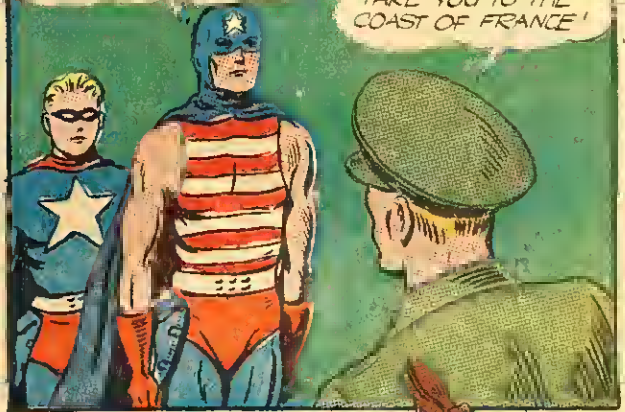
OH-OH! RUSTY! YOU AND THE FLAGMAN HAVE ANOTHER JOB TO DO--!



-FLAGMAN AND RUSTY THEN APPEAR BEFORE AN AMERICAN SUB COMMANDER--

---AND THAT'S OUR PLAN, SIR! CAN YOU DO IT?

I'LL TRY! ITS SURE SUICIDE, BUT I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE COAST OF FRANCE!

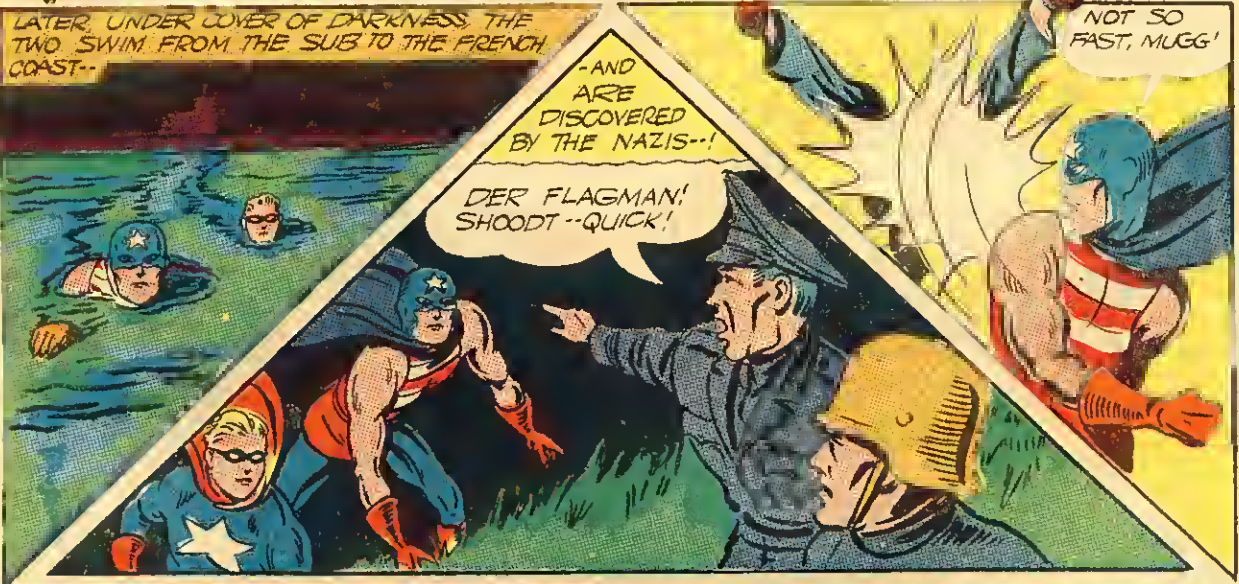


LATER, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE TWO SWIM FROM THE SUB TO THE FRENCH COAST--

-AND ARE DISCOVERED BY THE NAZIS--!

DER FLAGMAN! SHOOT--QUICK!

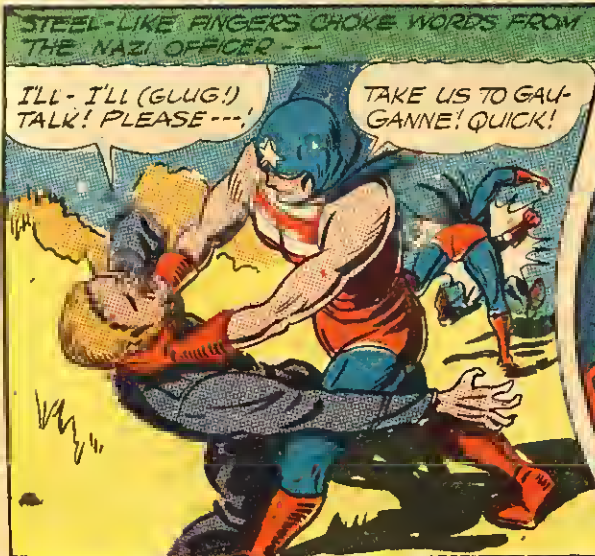
NOT SO FAST, MUGG!



STEEL-LIKE FINGERS CHOKED WORDS FROM THE NAZI OFFICER--

I'LL - I'LL (GLUG!) TALK! PLEASE--!

TAKE US TO GAUGANNE! QUICK!

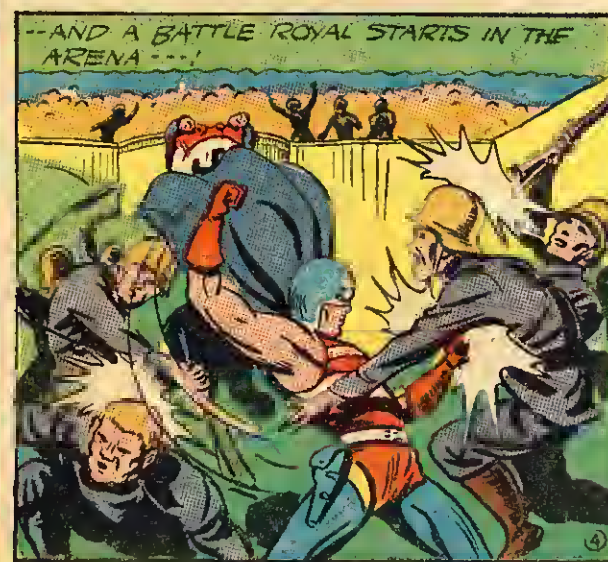
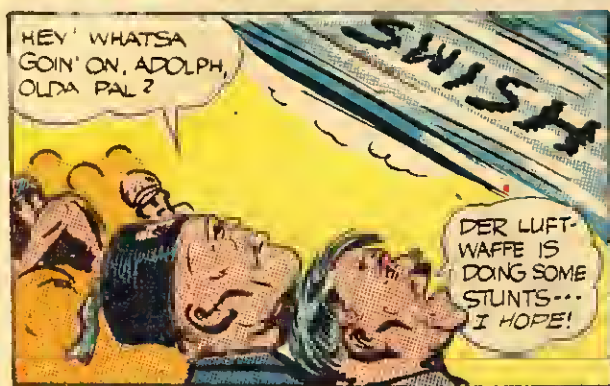
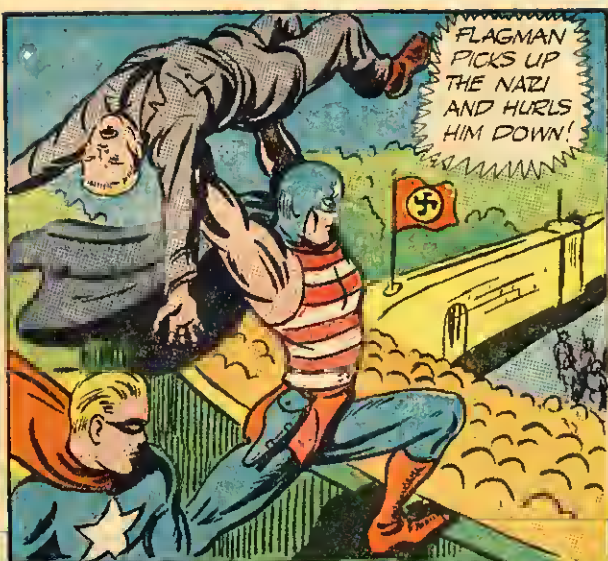


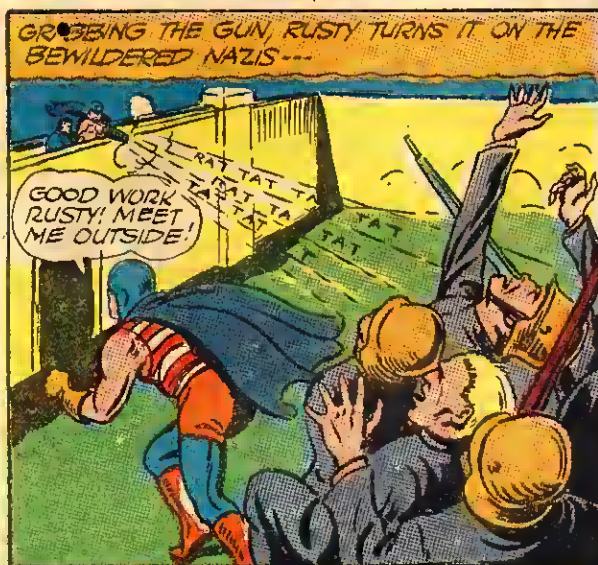
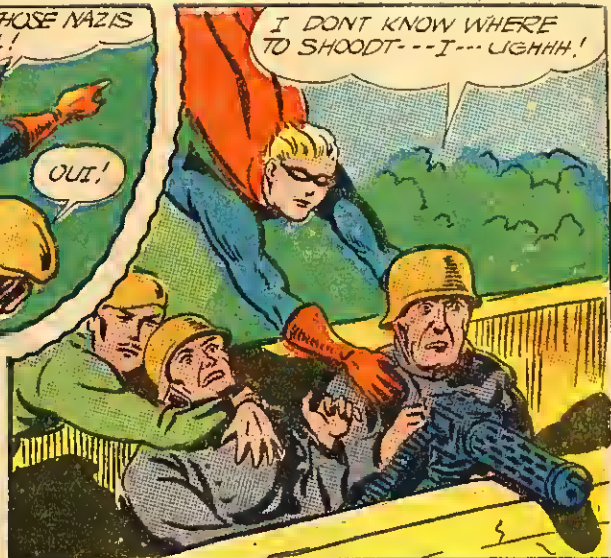
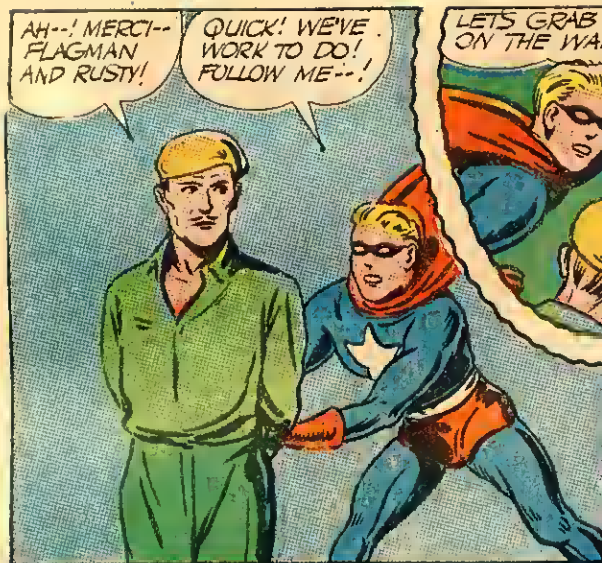
SOON--OVERLOOKING THE EXECUTION ARENA, THEY WATCH GAUGANNE BEING LED TO THE FIRING-SQUAD--

DER HE ISS-- BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE, FLAGMAN!

MAYBE---







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City..... State.....

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